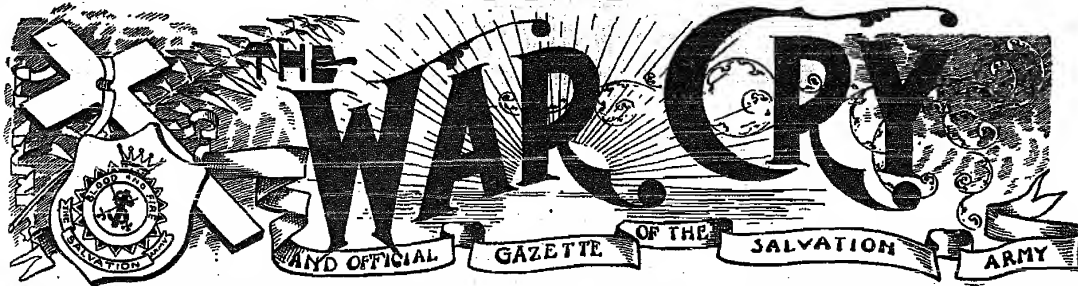


BEWARE OF THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL....



Vol. IV. No. 1.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.

JUNE 25, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH
Correspondent.

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"Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color to the cup."—Prov. xxiii. 31

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War Correspondent.

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Official Gazette of
rmy, published by
n. S. A. Printing
Street, Toronto.

FOR SEEKERS AFTER GOD.

1.—In seeking God you must rest upon the FACT of His presence by simple faith (see Heb. xi, 6).

2.—You should be more occupied with God's side of the transaction, i.e., not that you give up yourself as much as that HE TAKES. He takes because the Lord Jesus died to purchase and possess you. He would not have done this to reject you when you were willing to give yourself to Him. (John vi, 37.)

3.—If you rested on His word as the guarantee that He takes you, He would prove it to you in His own way, but He cannot so long as you watch for the "realization" first. His promise will be realized, but not with being occupied with the realization.

4.—It is blessed to know that all the dissatisfaction with yourself and the longing for Christ is the result of the work of the Holy Spirit within you. He will not create the desire without satisfying. (Ps. cxi, 3.)

5.—You have received Jesus as your Saviour (John i, 12), but have you ever recognized and honored the Holy Ghost as a Person sent to do the work of convicting you of self, and making the risen Christ a reality to you? God knows you cannot empty yourself. He expects nothing from you but SURRENDER and FAITH. He has given the Holy Spirit to take you in hand, and to do it all.

"Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "The promise is unto you" (Acts ii, 38.)

Riches from Rutherford.

O blessed conquest, to lose all things and to gain Christ! I know not what we have, if we want Christ.

Let us hang on till we get some good from Christ.

The sun-dried cross is a fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples.

Oh, how soon will time shut you out of the poor, and cold, and hungry inns of this life.

Lay your soul and your weights upon God, make Him your only, your best beloved.

Your grand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ: your love, if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is Christ's due.

The day of the Lord is now near at hand, and all men shall come out in their blacks and whites as they are.

I long exceedingly to hear of your on-going and advancement in your journey to the Kingdom of God.

I am His boy, let my Father frame and fashion me as He pleareth.

Grace grows best in winter.

We seek to thaw our frozen hearts at the cold smoke of the short-lived creature, and our souls gather neither heat, nor life, nor light; for these things cannot give us what they have not in themselves.

It is my aim and my heart's desire, that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling may sparkle the upon standers-by, to the warming of their hearts with God's love.

Acquaint yourself with God's love, and ye shall not miss to find new glad mines and treasures in Christ.

Alas! I see few heavenly-minded souls that have nothing upon the earth, but their body of clay going up and down this earth, because their soul and the powers of it are up in heaven, and there their hearts live, desire, enjoy and rejoice.

Christ desireth no better than to be made much of.

A VOICE FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY

BY LA MARECHALE.

THE MORAL STATE OF BELGIUM

IN certain countries, especially in France and Belgium, the plagues of immorality and drink have grown with frightful rapidity. The one brings the other with it.

In France 40 millions of francs have been spent in alcoholic drink in 20 years. Crime and suicide have kept pace with this increase. The number of suicides due to alcoholism has doubled in 20 years, but the scourge is still more terrible in Belgium.

There are 170,000 public houses in which is consumed 70,000,000 of liters of alcohol. Belgium spends every year 440 millions of francs in strong drink, only 23 millions upon her Public Institutions and 48 millions on her army. It has 5,500 schools and 170,000 public houses!

The drink traffic is the only industry really flourishing in Belgium. All other industries are in a state of depression. It is unfortunate the more one drinks. When there is no bread for the wife

The majority have many children. Their work is not guaranteed for every day in the week, and when they reach 60 years of age many are turned away as being too old, and their condition is most cruel!

There is a very sad case of abuse of the poor here, upon which I will not enlarge. The Army work has been deeply appreciated in these parts of the country. It is touching to hear the testimonies of the miners. One man said he often used to think of suicide, but now when he goes into the bowels of the earth for hours together, he takes Jesus with him and

He is always happy.

THE SOCIAL WORK.

Our Social Operations in Belgium are most successful. The Shelter in Brussels accommodates 150 men. Not only are they fed and warmed and washed, but they find someone interested in their poor

What a painful thing it is to see people going through the world thinking that they are all right, and then, when their feet touch the chilly waters of Jordan, when death is upon them, find that they were all wrong!"—The General.

and children, the drunkard can still find money for drink!

There are 25,000 deaths due to alcohol each year in Belgium. It would be superfluous for me to dwell upon the result of this state of affairs on the poor people and on the lot of poor children, who arrive in this world

Candidates for Death

Morally, spiritually, physically the youth is ruined through alcohol.

The conscience is annihilated and even the human affections die. At the same time the general neglect of the conscience favors sin and vice to a frightful degree. Ah, reader, if ever there was a call for missionaries with the REAL APOSTOLIC SPIRIT OF THEIR MASTER—IT IS NOW!

Will you not write and offer yourself? Dear Madame Josephine Butler, that honored servant of Jesus, spoke to me before I came to Belgium of the extreme poverty of the working class here and I can underline what she says.

In the mines young girls work dressed in little trousers. They are employed to carry wood to the workmen. The young girls who work nine hours, from 7 in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, earn one shilling and two pence. The girls who get two shillings remain thirteen hours, and are obliged to fill 60 to 60 waggons of coals. They are supposed not to go to work in the mines before they are 14 years of age, but there are many "who go under that age, and gain a few pence according to the work they do. Some stay ten hours in the pit some more. The workmen go down at 4 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and earn two shillings and six pence a day.

souls and blessed are the meetings among them!

Many poor workers of society, out-casts, have been helped here and quite transformed.

This Shelter fully pays its own way. At Antwerp there is even a far greater need than at Brussels for the same kind of work, but we want money to start!

There are towns in Belgium which are in utter destitution spiritually, where we could have as splendid a work as in Marchiennes.

THE RESCUE WORK.

On speaking to the Commissioner of Police in Brussels, I asked him if the number of 17,000 lost women was an exaggeration.

He smiled and said there were more. He told me there were children of 10, 11 and 12 years of age, whose father he could give me, who were in the life. Everybody knows the appalling need for Rescue effort in this country.

Indeed, such is the condition of womanhood that one has to watch against

The Highest Hierarchy of All: Discouragement.

It is high time that we opened a Rescue Home near Brussels.

Last winter we sent a nice young woman from Brussels to one of our Rescue Homes in Holland.

Turned out of her place, she had taken her ticket to Ostend to throw herself into the sea, when the thought of destroying two lives struck her with horror.

She came to us hungry, very hungry, and in black despair.

THE MODEL PRAYER.

"Our Father"
"Who art in Heaven"
"Hallowed be Thy Name"
"Thy Kingdom come"
"Thy will be done"
"Give us this day our daily bread"
"Forgive us our debts"
"As we forgive our debtors"
"Lead us not into temptation"
"Deliver us from evil"
"For Thine is the glory"

Implies our adoption into the Divine Family.

Our future home.

REVERENCE

SUBMISSION

OBEDIENCE

DEPENDENCE

HUMILITY

MERCY

CONFIDENCE

SALVATION

PRaise

These petitions refer to God's glory.

Man's needs, physical and spiritual, are expressed in these petitions

—Major Cuthbert, in "The Local Officer."

To-day one of the happiest that meets me in that I have been. The child has been born and here desire is to prove her gratitude to what has been done for her. But there are thousands more. The time is short, very short! Let us rescue them.

OUR POVERTY.

Our work in Belgium is, first, poor. From the very first, it has been supported principally from outside funds. Since we have been in Holland we advanced money from Amsterdam. But having had extremely difficult financial problems to face and solve, Holland, I ask you to come to our aid. For Belgium is a country where the poor are as numerous as the stars, as in France, wonderful opportunities for Christ's Religion to make headway. We truly live in solemn days! 1899 will bring very grave events, which will especially touch the religious world.

The time is short! Oh, ask God to give the poor world another chance and to pour out His Holy Spirit on these thirsty and helpless crowds.

CATHERINE BOOTH-CLIBBOCK

134 Warmoesstraat, Amsterdam.

Eleventh Anniversary of the Army in Holland.

The 11th Anniversary of the Salvation Army in Holland was conducted by Commander Booth-Clibborn, was a very great success. The Commissioner was assisted by the whole of the Headquarters staff, also the officers of the Social Work. The brigade of Shelter men, 150 strong, with very great simplicity and touching effect. It is agreed to have been one of the best anniversaries ever held in Holland.

AN IDEAL SOUL-SAVER

According to Commissioner Combs.

WHEN commissioning over 200 Cadets the other day in the Congress Hall, London, Eng., the British Commissioner gave the address, promising them in the name of the General, the following charge:

"You will have difficulties, and I know of no other way to overcome them than by relying steadily on God and His Son. This is the way God has helped me. Be Salvation warriors, out-and-out, through and through, and victory will come."

"BE YOURSELF. If you want to be defeated, one of the surest ways is to try to be somebody else, different to your own happy, well-saved, Blood-and-Fire self."

"MAKE SALVATIONISTS. That is your business. If the world was full of Salvationists it would be full of salvation. Go and show men and women that you are the real thing. Go and compel men and women to decide for Christ and call them as warriors in this great Salvation Army."

"In the conflict men are wanted—not noodles (volleys)—not men made of putty (applause)—not toy soldiers (cheers). Men are wanted—warriors, (volleys)."

"In the Salvation Army," said the Commissioner, "MEN are wanted, and the man who doesn't keep His promises is not worth calling a man. I take you to witness that you have vowed to God, to each other, and to your leaders, that you will be true to the Salvation Army. Go forth and walk with Him in white, and He will help you to save hundreds and thousands!" (Applause.)

Called Home.

Sister Mrs. Calder, Listowel.

Last Friday morning, May 20th, death entered the home of Brother's sister, the Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major, and took from his side his devoted and beloved wife. She leaves two small children to mourn her loss. Our departed comrade has been a soldier of the Listowel corps for a number of years, and was tried and true. Adjutant Archibald, an old friend of Mrs. Calder, conducted a real Army funeral, and a large crowd of people gathered at the house and stood round the open grave. As she remains were committed to the grave many tears were shed and vows made for greater devotion to God and zeal for His cause than ever before. The memorial service at night was very impressive, and we believe work was done that will last. Fred Burton, Captain.

DAILY MESS.

From the Syrian Version Testament.

SUNDAY.—Come unto weary and heavily I will ease you. Matt.

Monday.—He will bear out our infirmities. He will. Him. Matt. viii, 17.

Tuesday.—Nothing is difficult. Luke i, 37.

Wednesday.—Fear thou not, thou shalt catch me. Luke v, 11.

Thursday.—What was in the half done. Mark.

Friday.—To His discipline Himself and them. I everything. Mark iv.

Saturday.—I planted, Apoc but God produced the fruit. Cor. iii, 6.

A Romance of the So.

SOME months ago a woman applied at the Labor Bureau for work. A man said she was a widow, and that years ago, a child, a girl, had been stolen. A situation was soon obtained for a poor woman, and a few bright-looking girl, of about 15, also applied at the Bureau. As soon as the girl gave the name of the woman, the head of the Labor Bureau it was the same as that woman whose child had been stolen. Upon enquiry, he found that she had no recollection of having seen her. The girl's friends and found had been stolen from her. A baby. Immediately the mother, and although woman, who had been so and ill-treated, feared, some scheme was being hatched. She consented to meet the girl. After explanations, to the satisfaction of both, that they were really daughter. But now the told. When they came both mother and daughter saved, but when they had together they felt such God, that they both knew gave God their hearts. His name! received a them. They then started side by side in the same situations that had been them by our Bureau. Jersey town—a mother daughter reunited, and both saved.

Finding after S.

BY FLORENCE STUBBS.

THE mysteries of life pressed hard. And all questioned, "Why and 'Whither'?" I tried to go straight to God's great light, and find and square my doubts.

From Nature's love I turned to be. And sternly sought their mystery. But found great minds had all agreed. And still my heart increased on the

And then I turned to God Himself.

And called on Him, demanding. But silence crept to me, and back. To the cold door at which my

At last I ceased my fierce and wild.

To know and understand God's. And as a little child I humbly pro.

To learn of Him alone by my life.

A Voice from heaven then spoke.

A Voice divinely true and strong. I knew my soul to greet my Lord. And cast myself in faith at Jesus.

Since then I've met with a range.

Unshakable as the great rock. But I can trust, for, at my God's. I know there stands my Saviour.

DAILY MESSAGES

From the Syrian Version of the New Testament.

SUNDAY.—Come unto Me, all ye weary and heavily laden, and I will ease you. Matt. xi, 28.

Monday.—He will bear our sorrows, and our infirmities. He will take upon Him. Matt. viii, 17.

Tuesday.—Nothing is difficult for God. Luke i, 37.

Wednesday.—Fear thou not, henceforth thou shalt catch men unto life. Luke v, 11.

Thursday.—What was in her power he hath done. Mark xiv, 2.

Friday.—To His disciples, between Himself and them. He explained everything. Mark iv, 34.

Saturday.—I plucked, Apollos watered, but God produced the growth. I Cor. iii, 6.

A Romance of the Social Wing.

SOME months ago a middle-aged woman applied at the New York Labor Bureau for work. The woman said she was a widow, alone in the world, and that years ago her only child, a girl, had been stolen from her. A situation was soon obtained for a poor woman, and a few days later a bright-looking girl, of about eighteen, also applied at the Bureau for work. As soon as the girl gave her name, the head of the Labor Bureau noticed that it was the same as that of the poor woman whose child had been stolen. Upon enquiry, he found that the girl knew but little of her early history, and that she had no recollection of her ever having seen her mother. The officer in charge then spoke to the girl's friends and found out that she had been stolen from her mother when a baby. Immediately he hunted up the mother, and although this poor woman, who had been so often deceived and ill-treated, feared that at first some scheme was being "worked" upon her, she consented finally to meet the girl. After some explanations it was proved conclusively, to the satisfaction of both, that they were really mother and daughter. But now the best is to be told. When they came to our office, both mother and daughter were un- saved, but when they had been brought together they felt such gratitude to God, that they both knelt down and gave God their hearts, and His promise of mercy received and pronounced them. They then started off to work side by side in the same house, to situations that had been obtained for them by our Bureau, in a near-by Jersey town—a mother and a lost daughter reunited, and both brought to Jesus.

Finding and Seeking.

By FLORENCE STORIE, AUSTRALIA.

THE mystery of life pressed hard upon my soul, And oft I questioned, "Why?" and "Where?" and "Whither?"

I tried to so arrange that God's great scheme Might fit and yield and square with my life's measure.

From Nature's lore I turned to books of science, And sternly sought their mysteries to fathom, But found great minds had all agreed to differ, And still my heart moaned on unsettled.

And then I turned to God Himself and wildly prayed, And called on Him, demanding explanation, But silence greeted me, and back again I crept To the cold door at which my heart kept beating.

At last I ceased my fierce and wild endeavour To know and understand God's secret mystery, And as a little child I humbly cried, To learn of Him alone by my life's history.

A Voice from heaven then spoke to my poor heart, A Voice divinely true and strangely sweet; I turned my soul to greet my heavenly guest, And cast myself in faith at Jesus' feet.

Since then I've met with strange and, hushing quest, Unfathomable as the great forer, But I can trust, for, as my God's right hand, I know there stands my Saviour, Lover, Brother.

Reflections

By the General.

NEW SERIES

F my dear Officers, Soldiers and Friends gave me a good "Send On" with hearty and enthusiastic assurances of love and loyalty on the other side the Atlantic, my Comrades of every rank and grade have given me an equally affectionate reception on this. In this respect little or no difference has been displayed between Comrades here and Comrades there. If the loving loyalty, interpreting that word to mean a burning anxiety to excel in devotion to God and Souls, of Canadian, American and British Salvationists could be put into some balance and weighed, I hardly know which would turn the scale. To this perhaps some one will say, "Come General, has not the Britisher been longer at the helm, and thereby more thoroughly proved himself to be all that is claimed for him?" True, but have not my comrades on the other side of the water given me sufficient satisfactory self-sacrificing proof in the same direction? I wish you knew them as well as I do. Anyway, they are pledged up to the hilt to stand to their post in the future, and I believe that they will.

Here is a sample of how I believe to a man and a woman those officers are feeling at the present moment. I take the extract from a letter which is only one of a host of communications of the same tone and spirit I received before leaving New York. This one followed me here—

"We cannot find words to express the deep sense of gratitude to God for allowing us the privilege of spending these few days in your company. The Holy Ghost has allowed you to fill our hearts, and we promise you that whole-souled devotion in Jesus' name which will compel your confidence and result in more dare-devil snatching of men from the burning, and the making of a Salvation Army that shall be a joy to your heart, and to our glorified Army Mother through all Eternity. Your visit has been a mighty help to us individually, and to Officers, Soldiers and Friends in our Territory. We heartily cry, 'Hurry back again!' In the meantime we have nailed our Colours to the Mast."

However, the British Welcome of the last three or four days has left me nothing to desire. I could not have wished for anything more tender, more earnest, or more heart-satisfying. From the first embrace given me by the Chief of the Staff, as he stepped on board the steamship "Germania" in the Macclesfield and the brief glance of the principal Officers of the Headquarters Departments, who met me at Euston Station, to the last telegram received from the Continent, and the last welcome letter from the Province, and the last Amen to the last Prayer at the Welcome gathering, all have seemed to me to be heartiness, reality, and heavenly love. To all concerned I send back my grateful thanks.

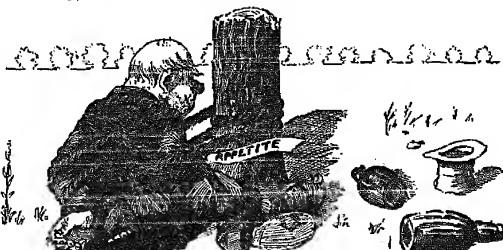
But the Crystal Palace Gathering was the great event. It was intended to be such, and such it certainly proved

itself, viewed from any standpoint that may be chosen. It was one of those times to which Moses must have prophetically referred when he talked about "days of heaven on earth." It was heaven indeed, anyway a little piece of the Celestial City. Among other bright and blessed things there was the natural beauty of the palace—for it is still a thing of beauty without any equal of its kind—there were the grounds with their lovely flowers, and the trees in their new spring dresses, there were the merry crowds of happy officers, soldiers and friends, and within the building there was the atmosphere of love and holiness which pervaded the whole place, and then there was the glad re-union and communion of any number of old comrades and friends. Then there was the stage representation of battles and victories in foreign lands, among the Zulus, in the slums, with the criminals, and in other fields of labor. Then there were the everlastingly interesting children, the thrilling music, the entrancing songs, together with a thousand other things, and to me there was such an everlastingly interesting event which seemed almost to crowd into a few moments space the feelings of a life-time—namely, my personal welcome by that mighty throng.

Now, I have been favored during my life-time with many wonderful receptions in different parts of the world—receptions in which men and women have striven by every possible method to express their pleasure at seeing me, such as the beating of drums, the clashing of music, the clapping of hands, the waving of flags, the fluttering of handkerchiefs, the shouting of blessings, and the volleys of amens, mingled together with the silent weeping and glistening of a love left to be incapable of expression—I say I have had many receptions of the heartiest character, but I have never had such a wildly enthusiastic greeting from so vast a crowd as that given me at the Crystal Palace on that Monday night. The moment when I stepped on to that stage and came in view of that multitude can never be forgotten. There were the three thousand frantic people behind me on the platform, and the six thousand frantic people in the area in front of me, there were the thousands of frantic people in the galleries and in the boxes on the right and left of me, and still further crowd beyond the reach of my eye in front of me, and when that mighty host rose and waved and shouted and blessed me, I tell you I did not know how I felt. My heart seemed to stand still, and as I gazed on that multitude and listened to the roar of their voices all feeling seemed to desert me beyond the conception of my own littleness and utter unworthiness of it all. "What have I done," were the words that came to my mind, "to deserve all this?" And then I tried to make that vast crowd hear my voice once more, and then we had some charming Salvation music, and finished up the glorious day by singing, "All's well." Was it not heaven on earth?

It seemed to me that it was better than heaven in some respects, that is, the Salvationist in the Crystal Palace

COULD WE BUT SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.



"No, I wouldn't want to have anything to do with this here temperance business. I can't afford to have my present 'liberty' interfered with."

—Rain's Horn.

had some advantages over and above what would have been in his possession had he been actually in heaven. What were they? do you ask, dear comrades. Well, I will note two:

1. He could go out from that Palace to improve his character and rectify his future conduct in the light of the teaching of that day, and in the light of the fallum or successes of his past experience. The first thing it seems to me that will happen to the saints in heaven will be the getting of a truer view of the life he has been living and of the character he has formed during his earthly career, and how far that career has come short of God's idea of what it ought to have been, and then regret will naturally follow on this discovery, and then the wish will arise unbidden in his heart, "Oh, that it were possible for me to go back and mend myself and live a better life." Men and women will say, "What idiots we have been that have been using our brains and time and influence to scrape money together, follow the fashions, amuse ourselves with frivolities and pleasures, and then when we have been making ourselves holy and Christlike, and gathering souls for the Celestial harvest. Cannot we go back to earth to cultivate Faith and piety, Holiness, and do the will of God as it is done in heaven?" But such a return to active life on earth could not be, but the officers and soldiers gathered at the Crystal Palace could go forth to make themselves holier, more self-sacrificing, more like Jesus Christ, in short, better men and women, to the inheritance of the saints in light.

Another point in which I think our heaven at the Crystal Palace had the advantage of the Heaven of Heavens above, consisted in the possibility of officers and soldiers to be partners in the fight for the salvation of the outside crowds whom they had left rushing down to hell. Oh, when the roar, the everlasting hurrahs, the shouts of men and women in the light that comes from the Eternal Throne, see as never before the evil of sin, the terrors of hell, the value of Faith, the importance of salvation, and won't they want their fathers and mothers and children and neighbors whom they have left on earth to be saved, and won't they be likely to wish that they could get outside as Pearly Gates orders that they might go and plead and fight and struggle to bring these godless crowds to Christ? I think they will. But Abraham settled the question that such restitution of earth was not only impossible, but that it would have proved useless even if it could be. And just so if the people of that great metropolis, the distant towns which came up to the Sydenham Hill are to be saved, men and women in living flesh and blood must do the work, and the crowds who brought us here, which atmosphere, and revelled in the joys of that ever memorable day in that Palace of Delight, had the opportunity, and I believe many of them were not deterred by the desperate and self-denyingly to attempt the performance of the task. God speed and bless them, O Lord, because of their love for their General—their love for me!

GONE TO BE WITH JESUS.

BROTHER ADAMS Harbor Grace.

On Sunday, May 22nd, the choir lowered and our beloved comrade stepped in and went sleeping hence to glory. Our departed brother was a devoted soldier. About eight years ago he knelt at the Army penitential form of his own corps and got blessedly saved. All along he proved God's grace to be enough. The Sunday previous to his death he attended all our meetings, and was first to step in and testify in the open-air, as well as in the other meetings of the day. The following Tuesday he was taken down with pneumonia, and on Sunday at noon he passed triumphantly away. On the morning of the day he died he wanted to see me. As I stood at his bedside he grasped my hand and in broken but rapturous tones gave me the outlines of his dying request. He said, "Captain, praise God, I'm going home, and I want you to give me a real Army funeral. I have all arranged, I am sinking fast, but my wife will tell you all." He said, "Tis

"All Praise" Now.

Tell all the people to get ready to meet me in heaven. Warn them for me, and urge upon my children who are unconvinced the importance of getting ready," and in a few hours later he passed peacefully away to be with Jesus, leaving behind a wife, two sons and two daughters. We gave him a real Army funeral. About 400 attended. Believing a lasting impression was made upon many a heart. God bless and cheer the bereaved ones.

To-day one of the happiest that meets me in that House is gone. The child has been born and he desires to prove her gratitude for what has been done for her. But there are thousands more. The time is short, very short. Let us rescue them.

OUR POVERTY.

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CATHERINE BOOTH-CLIBBORN, 134 Warmoesstraat, Amsterdam.

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AN IDEAL SOUL-SAVER

According to Commissioner Combs.

WHEN commissioning over 200 Cadets the other day in the Congress Hall, London, Eng., the British Commissioner gave them, after something in the name of the General, the following charge:

"You will have difficulties, and I know of no other way to overcome them than by going straight to God Himself. This is the way God has helped me. Be Salvation warriors, out about through and through, and victory will come."

"BE YOURSELF. If you want to be defeated, one of the surest ways is to try to be somebody else, different to your own happy, well-saved, blood-and-fire self."

"MAKE SALVATIONISTS. That is your business. If the world was full of Salvationists it would be full of salvation. Go and show men and women that you are the real thing. Go and compel men and women to decide for Christ and enlist them as warriors in this great Salvation Army."

"In the conflict men are wanted—not noodles (volleys)—not men made of putty (pulpit)—not men of sudden changes. Men are wanted—men, no volleys."

"In the Salvation Army," said the Commissioner, "MEN are wanted, and the man who doesn't keep His promise is not worth calling a man. I take you to witness that you have vowed to God, to each other, and to your leaders, that you will be true to the Salvation Army. Go forth and walk with Him in white, and He will help you to save hundreds and thousands!" (Applause.)

Called Home.

Sister Mrs. Calder, Llistowel.

Last Friday morning, May 20th, death entered the home of Brother Calder, the Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major, and took from his side his devoted and beloved wife. She leaves two children to mourn her loss. Our departed comrade has been a soldier of the Llistowel corps for a number of years, and was tried and true. Sister Calder, an old friend of Mrs. Calder, conducted a real Army funeral, and a large crowd of people gathered at the house and also stood round the open grave. As her remains were committed to the grave many tears were shed and vows made for greater devotion to God and zeal for His cause than ever before. The memorial service at night was very impressive, and we believe work was done that will last. Fred Burton, Captain.

THE WAR CRY.

The Story of Pentecost

AS HEARD IN HEAVEN.

A VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER II.

S Barrabas ceased praying and we had quietly settled down, the Apostle John rose, saying that it was on his heart to say something. Every eye in the room was immediately riveted upon him. It could not be otherwise, for his presence was remarkably attractive. He was of noble bearing, with a beautiful countenance, that beamed with the affection of which his heart was full. His voice was soft and musical, and yet expressive of the strength imparted by convictions and the resolution that comes of a lofty purpose. I thought at the time that he looked like an angel in human form, and since I have had the privilege of making the acquaintance of the inhabitants of this Angel World, I am of the opinion that my imagination did not lead me astray. Anyway, the appearance of the beloved disciple commanded for him a careful hearing from every soul in the room.

"You will not have space in your paper for all the words spoken either by John or the other speakers that morning. I could give them. They are indelibly written in my memory. Amongst the rest, I fancy I hear John now. Like Peter, he dwelt upon the character of the promised Spirit, and what would be the natural results in our lives of receiving Him into our hearts. That was the all-interesting theme of the hour.

John on the Spirit.

"You know something of the nature of the Spirit," the Apostle said. "You have had an opportunity of seeing its character displayed in the last three years in the person, and life and work of our ever-adorable Lord. Now, if we receive in all His fullness that Spirit into our world's history, we shall think as He would think, and feel as He would feel, and act as He would act, and, if circumstances would require it, suffer and die as He would suffer and die, were He to come back to this world again in human form. Are you willing?" the beloved disciple asked in words that while gentle and calm as a Summer evening's zephyr, nevertheless carried an unquestioning conviction with them, which sunk down into the very depths of every heart present. "Are you willing?" he asked, "to receive this all-mastering Spirit into your souls, to control you altogether, and all the time, so that it shall be no longer your will but the will of your Lord that shall be done in and by you?"

The Feeling of the Hour.

"There was now another dead silence. If you want to know how we all felt at that hour, and all through that crisis in the world's history—for Christianity that have followed have been more or less influenced and determined by the actions of those men and women during those ten days—you must remember that we were all human beings, and human beings of like passions with yourselves, and you know how the publication and enforcement of the same truths affect your people in your meetings, whether held in the upper or lower rooms, at the present day.

"Just think for a moment. Here was a miscellaneous crowd of the followers of Jesus Christ invited to give up the loves and pleasures, and the appetites and ambitions of life, which were natural to them, on which the very joy of their existence, nay, their very existence itself, seemed to depend, and to accept in their stead the control and guidance of another Spirit, which would lead them, in all apparent probability, to toils, hatreds, poverty, imprisonments, stripes, if not death.

The Way of the Cross.

"It is true that those disciples saw afterwards, if they did not see at that room at that hour, or in the hours that followed, that this Way of the Cross would have behind it such supports, consolations, joys and prospects, supplied by the very Spirit that led them into it, that would make it so far a way of satisfaction and peace, and that they would probably come to glory in it as heartily as I do now. I was one that did myself, I made my election. I chose to receive the

Spirit of Christ for my Master come what might, and suffered much and long in consequence. I was cast out with my dear mother by my own relatives, beaten with many stripes, confined in dungeons deep and dark, and finally torn to pieces by wild beasts to make a holiday for my persecutors. But the choice I made in that room brought with it such power and consolation that I never once regretted making it, and, looking back from the banks of this stream on which you and I are now reclining, with Heaven above and around me, to the track of tears and blood that I have trodden, you can easily imagine that I do not repent it now.

The Magdalene's Prayer.

"As John ceased speaking, we all went down before the Lord, and a season of solemn silence followed, and then Mary Magdalene, at the request of Peter, prayed, and that was a remarkable prayer. Beginning in the most modest manner, with softness of voice and in slow and measured sentences, she gradually increased in fervour as her heart became more and more absorbed in her petitions. She asked for light to enable us to understand the sacrifices asked for us, and to grasp the value of the boon that was offered to us. She pleaded for courage to carry into practice the resolutions we might form, and for grace to enable us to persevere in the high and holy course on which we might be induced to enter. Louder and louder she knocked at the Gate of Mercy; with more and more tender earnestness she pleaded with the Father for the sake of that Saviour whom we had seen ascend the heavens only the day before, that He would influence all the hearts bowed before Him to the making of such deliberate and intelligent surrender of themselves as would ensure the bestowment of the promised gift.

"A wonderfully bright and joyous influence now seemed to fill the room; a hymn was sung and the meeting closed.

"Day by day similar gatherings followed. Their character was somewhat varied; no fixed time for the baptism had been set by our Lord, and, as the hours went by without anything remarkable happening, some of the more eager of our company grew a little impatient.

The Halting and Disputing.

"Then we had amongst us some who were ever ready to reason on difficult questions. These were much troubled as to how any change in opinion or feeling could qualify men as ignorant and unlearned as we were, for the formidable task to which we were invited. Others of the timid school were tormented with the temptation that the moment we took any stand before the public, the Authorities would sweep us away as they had done the Master. Gold is mixed extensively on the questions of finance and government and the like. But there was not much time for these little troubles.

"Peter, the uncertain and hesitating Peter of bygone days, now was ever to the front in confidence and always ready for action. Full of faith for the future, and anxious as far as possible to wipe out the very recollection of the traitorous conduct of Judas, he arranged for the selection of an Apostle to take his place. He, Peter, was certain that his Lord would fulfil His word, and his business was to have everything in order when the long-d-for Guest arrived.

"Then, some rather discouraging incidents transpired in the outer world. I have told you how it was reported that we should, in a quiet and humble manner bear our testimony in the Temple and elsewhere as opportunity served, to the fact that, notwithstanding all that had happened, Jesus Christ was the Lamb of God, that He had died for the nation, and that He had risen again from the dead, thereby proving that He was the Lord, the Christ.

The Result of our Testimony.

"Most of us went about this task very timidly, and yet met with a good deal of sympathy; many—especially the common people—were much interested; indeed, they seemed ready to believe us when we told them what

we had heard with our own ears and seen with our own eyes. Indeed many who had themselves been witnesses of the miracles of our Lord and listened to His teachings, wept when they heard our story, and promised to think and pray about the subject, while some went so far as to express a wish to unite themselves with us.

"But alas! the bulk of the people treated us with the bitterest scorn, calling us impostors and other equally disgraceful names; indeed, they threatened to report us to the High Priest, who, they said, would serve us as he had our Master, being fully determined to stamp the false religion out of existence before it should have time to take any root in the nation.

"This, however, was a very unfavorable week for any impression to be made on the public mind. One of the great holidays of the year was due in a few days; in fact, you might say it had already commenced. This was the Feast of Pentecost—one of the three great yearly National Festivals, when every male Jew who could do so was required to appear at Jerusalem for the purpose of witnessing the God's goodness in the previous harvest, offering sacrifices, worshipping at His feet, and presenting gifts before the Lord. Indeed, it was what you Salvationists would call a Harvest Festival.

The Great Feast.

"Crowds of people were flocking to Jerusalem from all parts of the world. Rich and poor, young and old, they were coming in by road and rail, and into the city in every imaginable form of conveyance in use in those days, while multitudes came on foot, travelling for days and even weeks over mountains and across the plains in order to be present on this, to them, intensely interesting occasion.

"The Feast and the others of the Festival, it doubtless occurred that the first and chief day of this Feast would be a most busy time for the worshipers, which they were so anxiously waiting. It was certainly a most convenient season for the coming of Him who was to re-present their Lord. A million people would, by that time, be gathered within the walls of the city, and the tidings of whatever happened would be certainly carried by them to their loved and brethren in every other land.

"At every successive meeting in the Temple from the interest increased, and the number of those who were present grew to be a vast multitude. A general air of expectation now settled down upon every member of the little Society, that the day of Pentecost would be the day when the promised Spirit would come, and the world would be changed. The Spirit, an eagerly looked for, would arrive; and it was received that they would meet on the morning of the day, and pray throughout the night and following day—in short, the boldest believers of the group resolved that they would never break up until they received the promised Gift of Fire.

(To be Continued.)

Rocky Mountain Nuggets

A TRIP WITH THE PACIFIC CHANCELLOR.

FOR the past month the States of Montana and Idaho have claimed a big share of the Chancellor's time, he having visited several camps in each on a tour of inspection. I was pleased to have the opportunity of accompanying him and so give our readers the benefit of my travel.

Leaving Spokane early in the morning on the Great Northern we put in a tedious 12 hours on the cars, relieved only by the interesting scenery along the route. We passed the famous Kootenay River to our left, which, by the way, is one of the greatest arteries of the continent. Rising in the mountains of B. C. it extends for 600 miles taking wide sweeps into the republic and returning again to Canada. Gold is mined extensively on the Kootenay, and as a natural consequence this region holds high attractions for the prospector. We also crossed the Cable Car line of mountains, going through the Haskell tunnel, which

Flies on the Backbone of the Range.

arriving in the interesting little city of Kalispell about 8:15 p.m.

This is a marvelous place and has a history. The first building erected here was in 1891. The town then boasted of a few people, but with the advent of the Great Northern a progressive little city of 1,000 or 1,500 inhabitants has sprung up. The finest agricultural section of the State surrounds it, and it is well supplied and compassed with a wealth of coal, min-

eral and timber. There are several brick and stone business blocks, electric lights, a good sanitary sewerage system, paved streets, an excellent fire department, splendidly equipped, besides three newspapers, and one of the finest brick depots between Seattle and St. Paul. Kalispell being a division point on the railroad means that about 75,000 is paid out here monthly to the employees, which is quite a boon to the merchants.

Our welcome meeting was a free happy affair. The arrangements made by Captain McKenzie were well in hand, which added not a little to the success of the meetings. The Methodist minister was present and had quite a friendly talk with the Chancellor, giving him a cordial invitation to come and see him. The Sunday's meetings were well attended. Splendid interest and two came to the Merry Seat.

Those who may have known Lieutenant William Smith, of Ontario fame 18 years ago, will be glad to know that he is well saved and doing all he can here to thrash the devil. He has a good business as merchant tailor, and well saved and doing well. The Captain seemed very pleased to meet him, as he had known him years ago. Captain McKenzie, who has done a great work in Kalispell, has been in and Ensign May is now holding the fort, assisted by Lieutenant Langille.

Another ride of 16 hours (part of which is taken over the Alberta and Great Falls Narrow Gauge road) and we arrived at Great Falls. We were met by two about this city. Crossing the Missouri, which flows almost through the place, one asks himself how it is he has not heard more of the place, called

The Chicago of the West.

Simply because the geography does keep pace with it. You see signs of commercial life everywhere. Few cities of its size can boast of so costly buildings. The old building of native grey stone is five stories high and cost \$100,000; the First National Bank is of native red sandstone and seven stories high, costing \$250,000. At the Falls, which, by the way, are 22 feet high, is located the copper smelter and refinery, employing 20 men. This city is also headquarters for the wool markets created by the great sheep ranches for which North Montana is noted. Ranchers bring their wool in here by wagons for 20 and 300 miles around about, and in such large quantities that often as many as twelve horses are attached to one load.

We met here a Sergeant-Major who is a hero for God and souls and a Credit to our Organization.

Her enterprise and dash was noted by the Staff-Captain who suggested she become an officer at once.

We found Captain Prentice and Lieutenant Stone pushing ahead with the work and have the satisfaction of knowing that they have cleared the way for debt besides getting a snug little hall which they painted, suggesting thereby an air of enterprise on the part of the Staff Officers. The spring rains, which are a feature of this State, caused our crowds to be rather slim, otherwise we had a good meeting and enrolled one soldier. We have long since learned the value of one.

(To be Continued.)

MRS. BRIGADIER BEADY Campaign in Eastern Province and Newfoundland.

Sydney, Monday, June 20: St. John's, Newfoundland. Thursday, June 23, to Monday, June 27: Bay Roberts, Tuesday, June 28: Bridgetown, Wednesday, June 29: Carriacou, Thursday, June 30 and Friday, July 1: Harbor Grace, Saturday and Sunday, July 2, 3.

MAJOR McMILLAN,

accompanied by THE LIFE GUARD'S BAND will conduct

GIGANTIC CAMP MEETINGS

as follows:

LARIMORE, June 25th to July 1st. GRAND FORKS, July 2nd to the 8th. GRAFTON, July 7th to the 11th.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO LEND would do well to write to the Bank of Montreal for terms. We can offer most advantageous terms for large or small loans. Security with interest for large or small loans. Write to the Bank of Montreal, 100 King Street West, Toronto.

VISIT OF BRIGADIER PUGHIE

And Adjutant Desb.

One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Foot-Fifty-Seventh Sworn in as Soldiers-Field Day.

IN company with Major lively, Blood-and-Flint meeting was held at the next day we saw a 5, 5, "Bets."

We had rather a rough and all were sick, but the following morning forgot our sea-sickness by welcome we received from Matthews, officers, soldiers and friends. My what pushing and volleys of welcome driven up to the officers' quarters by the band, corps of outsiders on arrival. An could Mrs. Pughie and many words, which were continually by volleys of. Then came hand-shaking. Hieronimus Salvationists to make visitors feel at home.

We anticipated a good time we remember our last crowds came to the Mercy 8 of the individuals composed of Salvationists.

Improvements.

Last year we only had and two or three outposts under Adjutant Matthews, four corps, two outposts, Salvation Soldiers, and the increase.

The Meetings.

The meetings have been whole, baptized with the Spirit and much conviction has been. One hundred and a souls have sought God, and new soldiers have been enrolled. I ought to say that the barracks was most tastefully decorated for our meetings by Captain Carter and his aides.

Juniors, God Bless Them.

Junior work since my last advanced. Hamilton works panies regularly, but this by St. George's, who can be called on for help. Attendance and a library.

Reads.

We have a good brass band, which is a credit to the town, and a string band, which is only for our special meetings, the brass of which have to be ashamed of it. But wait a bit, in a short while, St. George's and the Salvation Corps will have a band as well as Hamilton.

War Cry.

Nine hundred War Cry are by the different corps on the and these are read by the with great interest. The boomer (Fred Bell) is a soldier in the Hamilton corps, and during the sold 7,222 (seven thousand two and twenty-two); and during the month disposed of 11,740 (eleven thousand seven hundred and forty) that if you can.

Salvation Cemetery.

Part of a cemetery has been chased and paid for, and now our soldier-warriors are preparing, we can give them a proper burial.

The Field Commissioner, Mr.

We noticed on entering the barracks, in front of the was hung up in a frame the Field Commissioner's photo. Although the soldiers, who are loved have no hesitancy in saying visits the island she will welcome second to none in of the world.

The Military and Navy.

We have some brave soldiers and it was my pleasure to see them in eleven under the Blood Flag. Some of them think making a dozen miles to a God bless them. I must the of League Sergeant-Ma-

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA.

THE ISLAND OF THE LILIES AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

VISIT OF BRIGADIER AND MRS. PUGMIRE

And Adjutant Desbrisay.

One Hundred and Twenty-Four Souls
 Seeking God—Fifty-Seven Hearts
 Sworn in as Soldiers—Great
 Field Day.

IN company with Major Collier a lively, blood-and-fire farewell meeting was held at Halifax I, and the next day we sailed by the S. S. "Etna."

We had rather a rough passage, and all were sick, but on our arrival the following Monday we forgot our sea-sickness by the glorious welcome we received from Adjutant Matthews, officers, soldiers, band and friends. My, what pushing and squeezing and volleys of welcome. We were driven up to the officers' quarters, and escorted by the band, corps and crowd of outsiders on arrival. As well as we could Mrs. Pugmire and myself had a few words, which were interrupted continually by volleys of "Amen's!" Then came hand-shaking, etc., etc.

We anticipated a good time, for did we not remember our last visit, when crowds came to the Mercy Seat; some of the individuals composing those crowds are Salvationists to-day.

Improvements.

Last year we only had one corps, and two or three outposts; to-day, under Adjutant Matthews, we have four corps, two outposts, about 230 Salvation Soldiers, and the work is on the increase.

The Meetings.

The meetings have been, on the whole, baptized with the Spirit of God, and much conviction has rested upon them. One hundred and twenty-four souls have sought God, and fifty-seven new soldiers have been enrolled.

I ought to say that the Hamilton barracks was most tastefully and artistically decorated for our welcome meetings by Captain Carter and his aides.

Juniors, God Bless Them.

Juniors, since my last visit have advanced. Hamilton works four companies regularly, but this is eclipsed by St. George's, who can boast of Junior Soldier companies, a splendid attendance and a library.

Bands.

We have a good brass band at Hamilton, which is a credit and blessing to the town, and a string band at St. George's, which was only formed for our special meetings, the members of which have no need to be ashamed of themselves. But wait a bit, in a short time, all being well, St. George's and the Hamilton corps will have a brass band as well as Hamilton.

War Cry.

Nine hundred War Crys are received by the different corps on the island, and these are read by the inhabitants with great interest. The champion boomer (Fred Bell) is a soldier of the Hamilton corps, and during five months sold 7,222 (seven thousand two hundred and twenty-two); and during twelve months disposed of 11,749 (eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-nine). Beat that if you can.

Salvation Cemetery.

Part of a cemetery has been purchased and paid for, and now if any of our soldier-warriors are promoted to glory, we can give them a proper soldier's burial.

The Field Commissioner, Miss Booth.

We noticed on entering the St. George's barracks, in front of the platform, was hung up in a frame the Field Commissioner's photo. Although not known by the soldiers, she is loved, and we have no hesitancy in saying when she visits the island she will receive a welcome second to none in any part of the world.

The Military and Navy.

We have some brave soldiers among them, and it was my pleasure to swear in eleven under the Blood-and-Fire Flag. Some of them think nothing of walking a dozen miles to a meeting, and bless them, I made the acquaintance of League Sergeant-Major Howe,



Picture of some of the troops and friends of the Army gathered on the occasion of the Great Field Day at Hamilton, Ber., which was conducted by Brigadier Pugmire during his recent tour there. There were hundreds of people present. The above shows a very partial view.

who last saw me at the Alexandra Palace, London.

Interesting Cases.

Last visit I conducted an open-air meeting in St. George's, when about ten came out and knelt on the grass seeking salvation, some of them are standing to-day. One of them I commissioned as Color-Sergeant, and the other night I had the joy of leading his wife to God also. I conducted another open-air here this year also, and again saw two men kneeling at the drum-head for mercy. One of them is bright and happy, and sits on the platform, and purposes becoming a soldier. I trust he may be kept true.

Mrs. Pugmire and family and Adjutant Desbrisay were well received, and did good service for God and the Flag.

Great Field Day.

On the Queen's Birthday (May 24th) we had a great Field Day and Salvation Army Exhibition, attended by hundreds of people, and which was a huge success. The whole was the outcome of Captain Carter's brain. The following was the programme:

10:30—Pentecostal Fire.
 12:30—100 children will perform musical drills.

1:30—Service of song, "A Voyage to Heaven," singers in full rigged boat, and dressed in special uniform.

2:30—Brigadier Pugmire will inspect the troops, grand manoeuvres, etc.

3:30—Grand battle of song.
 5:30—Auction sale of children.

7:30—Grand torchlight procession, colored fire, etc.

The Exhibition grounds were kindly lent for the occasion. A steamboat excursion was run from St. George's and Somerset. There was also an Exhibition of Salvation Army Wonders in the Exhibition building. There was on view a Drunkard's Home, Salvationist's Home, S. A. Shelter, etc., etc., also a representation of the War Cry was printed on the grounds.

Farewell.

We had good time on our wind-up Sunday at Hamilton. Ten recruits were enrolled as soldiers, and a number of sergeants and bandmen commissioned, also a number came to the front seeking God.

A crowd came to see us off at the wharf on Tuesday, the 31st of May. The band played "Auld Lang Syne," and we too sang of Beautiful Bermuda, but not to forget it. Though near may divide us we are still one.

Yours for war and victory,
 J. S. PUGMIRE.

—A British sailor thus writes the Editor: "The Naval and Military League is a wonderful thing, and is doing much good."

En Route to the Eastern Provinces.

AT KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

(Continued from last week.)

"Stretch forth thy hand," was the pivot from which the writer endeavored to proclaim some prayer-winged truths for the blessing and encouragement of

The Sager 400

who listened so intensely.

A letter from one who had once been a convict in Kingston, but who now rejoices in freedom from all bondage, was breathlessly headed, and we trust the hope it spoke of, kindled inspiration in some other poor boy's heart.

Adjutant McAmmond soloed.

The Boys Catching up the Refrains.

The choir sang beautifully as an anthem, "Shall we all gather home in the morning."

One incident of many I must tell you, reader. A few days previous to my visit one of the messages I had been entrusted with to men in the prison was

A Very Loving one from a Mother.

Wishing to form a link which should open the prisoners' hearts to receive my after messages of Divine mercy, I mentioned this during the service, saying, "I hope to have the opportunity of delivering this message personally at the close of the service, for

That Boy Sits Before Me Somewhere.

At the close of the meeting a large number of the men crowded up to speak and anxiously asked, "Tell me, was that message from my mother? My name is —"

It was pathetically touching to see the dear fellows turn away sadly—so disappointed that the message was not for them. One man upon whose face the lines of sin's experience were strongly traced, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "Oh, I wish you had a message for me." We came away with many invitations to "Come again soon."

We cannot speak too strongly of our appreciation of the cordiality of all the officials, especially that of the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Cartwright, in giving us the

Tour of His Own Service

and the Warden in arranging for us. Many of the Guards and others expressed heartfelt good-will. The League of Mercy has a meeting every

three months, and their opportunities of spiritual blessing are unique.

A delightful hour was spent with the League, who met me at tea at the quarters. Our dear Commissioner has no more enthusiastic League workers anywhere in the Territory than

In the Lunenburg City.

There is a decided improvement in the general spiritual tone since my last visit, and a beautiful influence of unity exists among them. Sergeant-Major Countryman is being blessed in her responsible command.

At night a crowded barracks greeted us and manifested deep interest in the subject of the evening, "Prison Life and League of Mercy work." One man volunteered to the Cross.

Adjutant and Mrs. McAmmond and Captain Green are having good times.

A few hours were spent in Montreal with dear comrades in the Rescue Home, some business transacted, a kindly greeting and wish of God-speed on my way from Brigadier Bennett, and I am steaming through the darkness, all of expectation for the N. B. Campaign.

(To be Continued.)

WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY AT HALIFAX.

(By Telegraph.)

HALIFAX CAMPAIGN SUCCESS. SPLENDID CROWDS ON SUNDAY. SPIRITUAL MEETINGS. FOUR SEEKERS AT MERCY SEAT. LEAGUE OF MERCY ORGANIZED. OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND BAND FOUGHT VALIANTLY. ON MONDAY PREMIER, MAYOR AND PRISON VISITED. MASSEY CHURCH. LARGE AUDIENCE. DEEP INTEREST. MR. MACKINTOSH PRESIDED. MIDNIGHT MARCH, SUPPER AND MEETING A UNIQUE SUCCESS.—Mrs. Read.

Refresh.—Adjutant McLean paid us an official visit, assisted by little Robbie, who went through his little drill just fine. Brevet Stagers, Captain Norman and Lieutenant Dawson were not behind in doing their part. The meetings inside and out were good, and the two days' meetings were not in vain. Brigadier Bennett visits Refresh June 21 and 22. A good time is anticipated.—Yours, Captain W. Brindley.

al and timber. There are several fine brick and stone business blocks, electric lights, a good sanitary system, waterworks, paved streets, an excellent fire department, splendidly equipped, besides three newspapers, one of the finest brick depots between Seattle and St. Paul. Kallagren is a divisional point on the railroad, and about \$75,000 is paid out monthly to the employees, which is quite a boon to the merchants.

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LARIMORE, June 25th to July 1st;
 GRAFTON, July 7th to the 10th.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Toronto Loan Office for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small amounts. Our capital is \$100,000.00. Loans made in all parts of Canada and the United States.

LEADING CONTENTS

THE STORY OF PENTECOST, by the General (continued).
A FAREWELL MESSAGE TO THE TERRITORY, by the General.
REFLECTIONS, by the General.
A VOICE FROM THE BLACK COUNTRY, by La Marchale.
RICHES FROM RUTHERFORD.
THE LAST SONATA (illustrated poem) by F. L. H. Sims.
EDITORIALS.
News of the Salvation War Throughout the Territory.
OUR WAR CRY WAR.
EN ROUTE TO THE EAST, by Mrs. Brigadier Read.
Short story: "THE BURGLAR AND THE DETECTIVE," by Major Baugh.
STUB ENDS OF NEWS.
Our Enquiry Column, Songs, Helps for Junior Workers, Etc.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

WANTED—A School Teacher holding a first-class certificate, to take charge of a Salvation Army educational establishment in St. John's, Newfoundland. Salvationists preferred. Write at once to Miss Booth, Salvation Temple, Toronto.
G. T. JACOBS, Chief Secretary.

WAR CRY

THE GENERAL'S FAREWELL MESSAGE.

KNOWING the deep interest and loving care which the General has always manifested towards the troops of this Territory, we felt quite sure that he would not omit to send us a word of direct farewell when he sailed from the continent. Nor were we mistaken. It made one of the long list of important matters which the General discussed during his Atlantic crossing to write the stirring and affectionate farewell which we give on another page. We greatly regret that its presence in our pages should be so late. The M.S. was addressed to the Field Commissioner and marked "Personal," and was forwarded to Miss Booth at Vancouver. Unfortunately it missed her there and had to wait until her return from Skagway, when it was immediately dispatched to the Editorial office reaching Toronto, however, too late for insertion in any Cry but the present issue. The delayed "Reflections" is also owing to the same cause. But such inspired utterance as that of the General's departing charge to the Territorial officership and soldiery can lose little of its initial value by keeping. It seems but yesterday that his revered form stood amongst us, and that his voice rung in burning eloquence and fiery truth into our very ears. Now he has gone from us for a season, how eagerly must we snatch at the written word which voices our leader's high hopes, hot desires, and latest marching orders. The expressions of love and confidence which his message contains makes the heart of each warrior to feel happy and honored and awakens a response of grateful admiring affection throughout his ranks. The promise of a not-far-off return to our shores will be good news to everybody. Till then we will make the latest injunctions of our General the indomitable ambition of our service to realize his dearest hopes and trust, in a substantial building up of Salvation's holy war throughout the Territory.

NEXT WEEK'S CRY...

WILL CONTAIN A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S JOURNEY TO SKAGWAY AND BACK.

DON'T FAIL TO SECURE NEXT WEEK'S CRY.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER RETURNS TO TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS.

AT last the limit of the tour which has been so long, but so triumphant, was reached. Last Thursday most of Headquarters Staff gathered in extreme anticipation upon the platform of Toronto's Union Station to wait for the welcome of their beloved and conquering Commissioner home once more. Just what happened when at last the ponderous engine slowed up alongside, nobody seems able very clearly to tell. The wholehearted affection with which each of her officers more than ever regards their appointed leader, mingled with sincere appreciation and thankfulness for the magnificent success which has attended her recent Herculean endeavors—the strength of these two emotions had been gathering for weeks, and when the eventful moment actually arrived found vent in a burst of unspeakable joy. The Commissioner was looking well—that not a few instantly noted, and noted with satisfaction; despite the heavy strain of meetings, travelling and a hundred other things; her vigor and health exceeded that in which we had last seen her. The unprecedented experiences which have attended her Northward journeyings, the eventful occurrence en route, and the splendid prospects of the Klondike Expedition we must defer our readers' attention to the thrilling and full report which our next issue will furnish. At present we will content ourselves by saying that Headquarters is itself once more. The General's message tells us to love our Commissioner—this we do, and eagerly anticipate to follow all advances for God and souls now she is once more at the Territorial Centre.

Another Proposed Advance in the Pacific.

(Special.)

In order to push forward the Salvation war and bring more soldiers to the North-West, Brigadier Howell has decided to organize a Brass and String Band for Divisional campaigning. Adjutant Hay has already been decided upon to take charge of the Band, which is expected to commence operations about the middle of July.

Lipincott Street Corps Commences the Summer Open-Air Fight.

(Special.)

A fine, yea, a glorious time at Lipincott! Staff-Captain led on the night. New tactics adopted in the afternoon. Big Summer Sunday Afternoon Campaign commenced. Crowd of people assembled at the open-air and most impressive service was conducted. A Peruvian Missionary, an Oriental, full of the fire of the Holy Ghost, poured out the truth on the people. Methodist minister also entered the ring and had a pitch in. Blessed unity of feeling. Staff-Captain sings and considers it the best open-air he has ever had in the city. Collection \$4.22, and nobody tired with the asking. Advance, Lipincott, along the lines of no rutism and Divine power.

Mighty Ingatherings of Souls Expected in the North-West.

(Special from the Provincial Officer.)

Plans for the great open-air fight in the North-West are about completed. The Provincial Officer's latest despatch says: "We commence at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, and we are expecting a great time. All the officers round about there will come in for the engagement, and seeing it is a new thing in that part of the country, I expect it will go like wild fire. The officers who are taking part are really godly and good, and I have no doubt but what the outcome will be a mighty ingathering of souls. Pray for us. We are entirely, I believe, led by God in these Camp Meetings. The cry all over is that people will not go into the barracks on account of the hot weather and we are determined to give them a chance of hearing the Gospel outside. We will report the progress of these meetings as we go along.—Alex. McMillan, Provincial Officer."

THE GENERAL'S

Salvation Officers, Soldiers and Friends, Canada, New

R. M. S. "The Germanic," Midland

BELOVED COMRADES:

MY departure from the United States and the Good-bye just given my dear comrades there, remind me that leaving Canada as well. Although several weeks have passed since only yesterday since I said farewell to this Territory. The scenes, startling surprises, generous welcomes, and marvellous seasons with which I have been favoured in the States, have affected my memory, or lessened my appreciation of the reception, the true devotion, the self denying affection, or the enthusiasm of my Canadian Officers and Soldiers.

That was a wonderful Campaign we had together. In spite of and weather and every other difficulty that came in our way, we was marked throughout with victory, and the meetings at the crowned, if they did not surpass all that had gone before. The Meetings were powerful, and "Salvation Sunday" in the Mason Hall, will stand out as a red letter day in the Army records for days to come. My heart warms with joyful gratitude to God, and to everybody that took part in it while I think about it, and I must for ever.

I left you with the assurance of Victory. The last experience the North Western Territory left the feeling of expectation, and since received of the fitting up of the Klondike Expedition, straight-forward warfare for souls indoors and out connected with recent "Seige", only confirm my convictions of what my comrades can do when their blood is fairly aroused and they give selves up to the fight with the desperation and earnestness for calls.

I know that your hearts are set upon a future of victory in beloved Army. I felt that you rose to it in the Officers and Meetings I held when with you. You hate the idea of stagnation want to go ahead, and now I think that you see that going ahead among other things,—

1. An increased number of Soldiers in your ranks.
2. Increased revenues in your Corps and at Headquarters.
3. Improved audiences in your Halls.
4. The extended circulation of your Literature.
5. A higher reputation throughout the Dominion for Soldiers.
6. A larger number of Sinners saved.
7. A greater ability to assist me with men and money for the effectual carrying on of this fight throughout the world.

How are these wonderful and desirable ends to be reached, my comrades? The way is simple enough, and you can travel it with me you will.

1. We must have a more direct personal realization of the Favor. I mean more of the actual literal walking with God. All the world Salvationists are in danger of satisfying themselves in fact that they were once converted, and hence we are in danger of revival of the mistaken notion "Once in grace, always in grace." Beloved comrades, beware! There is no sure ground on which you can build your hopes of present or future safety, but the assurance you are at that very moment keeping the Commandments of God the doers and not the hearers of the word of Christ who are not Him.

2. There must be an increased measure of personal responsibility for the salvation of souls and the prosperity of the Corps on the part of every Officer and Soldier alike. We cannot, we will not have standards of obligation. Every man and woman, regardless of position, must feel that according to his ability and opportunity called upon by his Saviour to push the war.

3. You want more desperate effort on the part of every man in our ranks to set people properly saved and made into Soldiers. properly saved I mean, brought not only out of lives of sin, but out of follies, objects and amusements of the world, and added to the fighting force of the Army. Oh, if we could only create this passion souls in the hearts of the converts, and the determination to love

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THE GENERAL'S FAREWELL

Salvation Officers, Soldiers and Friends in Canada, Newfoundland and North-West America.

R. M. S. "The Germanic," Mid Atlantic

BELOVED COMRADES:

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none returned that is likely to win them, what wonderful captures would soon be made from the enemy. Love for souls will secure anything else we need. Love will work, and reason, and suffer, and persevere, and weep, and pray, and believe, and bring down the overwhelming power of God, and so conquer the most stubborn opposition, and break the hardest hearts.

4. We want more determination to make Soldiers. That was my cry you will remember when with you at every turn. I send it again across the ocean. I have already referred to it in this paper. I have tried to burn it into the hearts of your United States comrades. I say it again, and again, and again, make Soldiers. Judge the value of every meeting, every demonstration, every effort of every kind by this standard. Is it calculated to make Soldiers, or to train and improve them when they are made? If you ask me what is the great need of Canada at the present moment I should say, 1st. Soldiers. 2nd. Soldiers. 3rd. Soldiers. There are more make them on a wholesale scale if you can. If not then be thankful for a retail measure; that is, one by one, but with all else you do, beloved comrades, make Soldiers.

5. We want in this Territory as elsewhere throughout the world, a faithful and conscientious consecration of all the Salvationist possesses to the service of his Lord. Our Saviour laid His all upon the altar; we must do the same. If the standard enjoined on the Jew in the ancient dispensation, regarded by so many as inferior to the one under which we are privileged to live, of giving a tenth of all his income to God, and which was so cheerfully practised by him, could only be accepted and acted upon generally by Salvationists, all our financial troubles would be forever at an end. Comrades, think upon it, pray about it, and then you will be bound to practice it.

6. Look after the Junior War. Save the children. Mind, you must not only teach and train and drill and enrol but save them. Make them the children of God and true Soldiers of Jesus Christ. Do this for their own sakes, for why, oh! why should they grow up in sin and worldliness and folly and forgetfulness of God, and run the risk of perishing before any direct effort is made for their conversion? But save them also that they may help the Army of the future to save the Territory, — say, to save the world.

You have an excellent beginning in many Corps. Let every Officer and Soldier be cheered to go forward. If God spares me to return I shall expect to find "Young Canada" well to the front in the Salvation War.

7. Persevere! persevere! persevere! Only persevere when you have started on the Salvation road and all will be well.

I need not exhort you to love one another. Still brotherly affection will be found worthy of cultivation, and profitable to all who encourage it.

I need not exhort you to love your Commissioner. You do so already; one and all. Her capacity to fill her position, her devotion to your interests, her self-consuming labours on your behalf, her success in direction, inspiration, and all that concerns leadership, is known to every one of you, and commands your responsive affection, trust, and loyalty.

I reckon not only on a continuance of this loving and faithful allegiance, but its increase. From her position she must stand very much alone. Help her by your prayers, co-operation and sympathy, and that will still further help forward everything else beside.

I need not exhort you to love the World-wide Army. You have been tried in the furnace and have stood the test, and come forth stronger than ever in your love for your comrades of other lands. You will grow more and more in this beautiful Christ-like affection, and more than ever shew yourselves true exponents of the religion of your Lord, and a practical exemplification of the true doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man.

I need not ask you to remember your General in your prayers and sympathies. You live with him, and he feasts on the assurance that he continually lives with you, and delights in the hope that the hour is not far distant when he will again have the privilege of seeing your faces, and of standing by your side at the front of the battle. Till then always think of him as

Your affectionate General,

William Booth

Another Austrian

One War Cry

The Commandant of the Austrian army issued in the various papers, and make the page War Cry which work of all the Austrians.

Spokane

The alterations leased by the Army under way, a made for a great deal of the kind, and the staff will be to the ward and his aides to make the open expect a tremendous

Open-Air Warfare

Ingersoll officers, desire to express the deep appreciation of the town of Spokane for the kind and their Sunday afternoon Park, recently granted all its beauty, and the Mills and the Corps Correspondent

Stub Ends

—Look out for a Brigade Sergeant who have the rank of C —See, profit on the arines last week —Ensign Stalgers are in charge of H —A contribution July number of A Adjutant Ethel Galt —Ensign Orchard to the New York under Major Stewa —Four of the city conduct their after-tirely in the open —"Lieutenant-Colonel" "We always look for pleasure for the "Hotspur," East officers, congratulating ficers on their prom —Adjutant McDon fax, has taken ch Rescue Home and —Joe Adams, son of is at his first verbal hard nut," right. —Adjutant Walter from the field and to the charge of t Home. —The song, "From to me," was inserted ber of the new elected War Cry. —The recently-opened hadies was first led by grade Sergeant Webb ish sailors. —The Field Comm right man in the Corps in the Ottawa, Col. —A change of Sta Ontario during July.

ENERGIES FAREWELL

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Your affectionate General,

William Booth

Another Australian Advance.

One War Cry—Sixteen Pages

(Special.)

The Commandant has decided to dispense with the small eight-page papers issued in the various Australian Colonies, and make them into one sixteen-page War Cry which will represent the work of all the Australian Colonies.

Spokane's Big Co.

(Special.)

The alterations on the building loaned by the Army in Spokane are well under way, and plans have been made for a great opening demonstration on July 2d, 4th and 5th. Brigadier Howell and his Headquarters Staff will be to the front. Ensign Alward and his aides are working hard to make the opening a big event and expect a tremendous time.

Open-Air Warfare Extraordinary at Ingersoll.

(Special.)

Ingersoll officers, soldiers and friends desire to express through the Cry their deep appreciation for the many favors of their town authorities, more especially for the kind privilege of holding their Sunday afternoon meetings in the Park, recently granted by His Worship Mayor Mills and the esteemed members of the council board.

They feel that this is a practical acknowledgement in favor of the Army and expect to mark to be a lesson through the summer months. Seats and accommodation for meetings will be provided at once and the Gospel in all its beauty, purity and truth, will be sounded forth beneath the shade of the grand old relics of the forest days. Crowds will come and sinners will be brought to Christ. God bless Mayor Mills and the council of Ingersoll!—Corps Correspondent Minnie Kennedy.

Stub Ends of News.

—Look out for a picture of Naval Brigade Sergeant Webber.

—Lieutenants Stone and Thoen now have the rank of Captain.

—See, profit on the Cry at St. Catharines last week—they sell out!

—Ensign Stalgers and Captain Stone are in charge of Helena pro tem.

—A contribution will appear in the July number of All the World from Adjutant Ethel Galt.

—Ensign Orchard has been appointed to the new Yorkville Rescue Home, under Major Stewart.

—Four of the city of Toronto corps conduct their afternoon meetings entirely in the open-air.

—Lieutenant-Colonel Holz writes: "We always look forward with great pleasure for the Canadian War Cry."

—"Hotspur," East Ontario's weekly for officers, congratulates East Ontario officers on their prompt business habits.

—Adjutant McDonald, late of Halifax, has taken charge of the Ottawa Rescue Home and Children's Shelter.

—Joe Adams, son of Adjutant Adams, is at his first corps, "a regular proverbial hard nut," and is doing all right.

—Adjutant Walton has farewelled from the Field and has been appointed to the charge of the Helena Rescue Home.

—The song, "From the General down to me," was inserted in the first number of the new sixteen-page Australian War Cry.

—The recently-opened corps at Barbados was first begun by Naval Brigade Sergeant Webber and other British sailors.

—The Field Commissioner is "the right man in the right place." See Commissioner Nicol's article in June All the World.

—Brigadier Bennett, accompanied by Adjutant McAmmond, has recently concluded a successful tour in the Kingston District.

—Brigadier Bennett will visit all the corps in the Ottawa District soon. —A change of Staff Officers in East Ontario during July.



BRIGADIER MILLS.

Of Midland Chief Division, was promoted at the recent Congress held by the General at New York.

—The Rescue Home at Montreal recently received a donation of \$20 from the Committee of Management for the Home of the Friendless.

—The barracks and quarters at Jamestown has been burned. They are not our own property, but are a great loss and disadvantage to our work.

—Adjutant Ward has farewelled from the Ottawa Rescue Home and goes on a well-earned furlough. Mrs. Major Cooper has also gone on a rest from the Children's Home in Toronto.

—Everyone should read the very able article by Commissioner Nicol on the General's campaign in America and Canada in the June All the World.

—There is a Candidate for Army work in one of the ships of the North American squadron, who will probably enter training in November next.

—A gentleman went twenty miles to be present at the Army meeting at St. Johnsbury, Vt. Result: Very great pleasure and a donation towards the work.

—Ensign Babbington and Captain Quant are both enjoying a well-earned rest. Ensign Babbington has done a long term at Helena, and leaves behind a good solid corps of fine soldiers.

—The following officers belonging to East Ontario are on furlough, and some of them are very sick. Adjutant Hunter, Captains Reid, Nyland, Chappeil, Milson, Rowan, Wilson, Banks, and Lieutenant Sheehy.

—The "Knights of Hope" Department is a recently formed branch of the service in the United States, something akin to the League of Mercy work in this Territory, with, in addition, a good deal of relief work thrown in.

—Major John Milsons, Editor of the "Prisco Cry," has been doing some "Personal Speculating" at New York City, and there is something coming on in the future of which I am not free to speak at present, but may let you know in fullness of time. We think this looks significant.

—We had a good time yesterday, starting at knee-drill with two souls for salvation, six in the holiness meeting, one in the afternoon, a boomer at the drumhead in the open-air in the evening, and four inside. I think this is a sign that Jesus lives and lives to save." Extract from Adjutant Adams' letter.

—One evening twenty Captain Nyland and Lieutenant Butcher, of Tweed, visited a small place about seventeen miles out from the town and conducted a salvation meeting. Result: Two souls. The following Sunday both converts tramped the seventeen miles along the railway track to be present at the meetings.

LOOK OUT

Everyone should read "THE GENERAL, AS A SALVATION SOLDIER." An inspiring article by Commissioner Nicol, with special illustrations.

LONDON'S LEAGUE OF MERCY, with photographic group of members.

"OUR GREAT INTERCOLONIAL CONGRESS," being a graphic pen-portrait of the unparalleled meeting, at Melbourne and Sydney, by ants, at Melbourne, Sydney, by George M. Etherington, Editor-in-Chief of the Army's publications in Australia.

OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!

Bennett's Balloon Comes to Grief—Southall Out with More Sand and Bore Viot riotously to First Place—Hargrave has his Eye on Southall's Balloon—Pugmire Blackens his Parachute Descent—Howell, McMillan and Kinnelon not yet Loose.

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 61. — Sales, 2,358.

Capt. Hellmann, London	217
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	210
Lieut. Hoeklin, Berlin	120
Lieut. J. Bonny, Brantford	110
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham	94
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	76
Capt. Taylor, Tilbury Centre	75
Adj. Coombs, London	75
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia	70
Gerlie Young, Chatham	66
Capt. Curry, Mitchell	60
Capt. Cockerill, Stratford	60
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	60
Capt. Huntington, Stratford	56
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Ridgeway	50
Lieut. F. Hodgson, Stratford	47
Sister Mary Allen, Mitchell	40
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	40
Edith Lindsay, Paris	37
Capt. Howarth, Goderich	37
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	36
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe	35
Sister Nellie Comber, Chatham	33
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	33
Sister Standley, Goderich	30
Mrs. Reynolds, Guelph	30
Edith Simpson, Guelph	30
Cadet Beach, Petrolia	30
Sister Haldane, Stratford (av. 2 wks)	30
Capt. Coe, Petrolia	28
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	27
Daisy Bond, Wingham	27
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	27
Capt. Pynn, Tilbury Centre	25
Sergt. Coppins, St. Thomas	25
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	25
Sister Close, Brantford	25
Sergt. Darling, Hespeler	22
Sister Foss, Goderich	21
Sergt. Norfolk, London	21
Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	21
Brother Curry, Petrolia	20
Capt. McLeod, Ridgeway	20
Mrs. Reynolds, Brantford	20
Louise Scott, Guelph	17
Sergt. Smeltzer, Hespeler	16
Sergt. Butt, London	16
Mrs. Hodgkins, St. Thomas	16
Sergt. West, Hespeler	16
Treas. Dakleish, Hespeler	15
Sister Bragg, Preston	15

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Southern Section.

Hustlers, 48. — Sales, 1,357.

Cand. Skedden, Hamilton 1. (av. 2 wks)	50
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	48
Bro. Young, Temple	48
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	48
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	49
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	47
Father Dixon, Temple	40
Sergt.-Major Powers, Ligar	40
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines	37
Sister Owens, Temple	35
Sergt.-Major Bowler, Ligar St.	34
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	34
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	31
Lieut. Bond, Dundas	30
Capt. Sherwin, Dundas (av. 2 wks)	28
Bro. Bragg, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	28
Capt. McDougall, St. Catharines	26
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	26
Cadet Tracey, Lippincott T. G.	26
Cadet Huxtable, Richmond St.	20
Capt. White, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	20
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	15
Sister May Donaldson, Ligar	15
Sister Kemple, Temple	15
Sister Minnie Stickels, Ligar	14
Cadet Liddell, Lippincott T. G.	14
Cadet Craig, Lippincott T. G.	14
Cadet Winter, Richmond St.	22
Sergt. Potter, Hamilton	22
Cadet Stickels, Lippincott T. G.	21
Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott T. G.	21
Sister Ida Murdoch, Ligar	20
Capt. Hart, Ligar	20
Sister Thatcher, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	20
Bro. Cane, Hamilton (av. 2 wks)	20
Cadet Fell, Richmond St.	20
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton	20
Sister Bentley, Hamilton	20
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	20
Cadet Pickle, Lippincott	19
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	18
Sergt. Carwardine, Riverside	16
Cadet Heaton, Lippincott	16
Harry Bennett, Ligar	16
Lieut. Wadley, Riverside	15
Cadet Hockinson, Lippincott	15
Cadet Young, Lippincott	15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 44. — Sales, 2,218.

Sister Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	214
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax 1. (av. 3 wks)	162
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	160
Father Armstrong, St. John	100
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax 1. (av. 2 wks)	100
Sergt. Alice Lyons, Fredericton	83
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks)	80

Lieut. Netting, Kentville	85
J. S. Sergt. Vaughan, Charlotte town (av. 2 wks)	74
Capt. Annie Hutt, Sussex	70
Capt. Thompson, Lunenburg	70
Sister Gladys Blakey, Moncton	66
Capt. Amy Brown, Pictou	65
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	65
Mrs. Ensign Crofton, Spring Hill	60
Cadet Logan Smith, Fredericton	60
Capt. J. W. Clark, Fredericton	60
Bro. Cuthbertson, Moncton	60
Capt. Ritchie, Spring Hill	60
Sergt. Moors, Windsor	40
Sister Mrs. Forward, Pictou (av. 2 wks)	38
Sergt. Mary McDonald, Glace Bay	38
Lieut. Gray, St. John	37
Sergt. Irons, Windsor (av. 2 wks)	36
Capt. Pitney, St. John	35
Lieut. Hudson, Chatham (av. 2 wks)	34
Capt. Jennings, Chatham (av. 2 wks)	32
Sister Marie Graham, Charlotte town	30
Ensign Edwards, Moncton	30
Sister Parks, Halifax 1.	30
Adj. Craighead, Fredericton	26
Mother England, Chatham (av. 2 wks)	25
Sister Lizzie Lobans, Fredericton	25
Mother Pitts, Spring Hill	25
Mabel McLelland, Moncton	25
Sister Jennie Stewart, Moncton	23
Sergt. Tilley, St. John 1.	20
Sergt. Rogers, Windsor	20
Sister Maggie Horton, Moncton	20
Sister Maude Beatty, Fredericton	20
Sister Mary Ferguson, Charlotte town (av. 2 wks)	16
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Charlotte town	16
Sister Susan Lebars, Fredericton	15

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 41. — Sales, 2,076.

Sergt. Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	132
Ensign Walker, Belleville	130
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans, Vt.	100
Capt. Stainforth, St. Albans, Vt.	100
Sergt. Perkins, Barre Vt.	80
Capt. Hill, St. Johnsbury	80
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	80
Capt. Coats, Campbellford	80
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	76
Lieut. Latimer, Brockville	70
Sister Fraser, Ottawa	66
Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	65
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Cornwall	65
Lieut. Lamour, Cookscook	57
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	56
Capt. French, Peterboro	56
Capt. McColl, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks)	50
Mrs. Ensign Walker, Belleville (av. 2 wks)	50
Sister Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	46
Sergt. Jennie Verner, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	42
Lieut. Owens, Brighton	42
Capt. McIntyre, Kemptville	35
C. Horsey, Barre, Vt.	35
Bro. Stone, Lakeside	35
Sister Maud Wilson, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	35
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	34
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto (av. 2 wks)	30
Capt. Magee, Millbrook	30
Lieut. Williams, Millbrook	30
Sergt. Mattie, Cornwall	30
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	30
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Stevens, Peterboro	24
Capt. Crego, Sunbury (av. 2 wks)	21
Sergt. Root, Belleville	20
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro	20
Ensign Kerr, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Sturmy, Pictou	20
Sergt. Fred Hunt, Ottawa	20
Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro	15
Sister Lydia Phelps, Pictou	15

EXCELSIOR!

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: Hustlers, 212; Sales, 9,540.
LAST WEEK'S INCREASE: 76 Hustlers; 1,876 Sales.
THIS WEEK HIGHER STILL BY 23 Hustlers and 1,524 Sales.

AND THE WAR GOES ON.

PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 15. — Sales, 856.	
Cand. May Lloyd, Anaconda	166
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	123
Lieut. Gains, Sheridan	107
Sister Lewis, Victoria (av. 2 wks)	65
Adj. Milner, Nelson	50
Capt. Gooding, Nelson	44
Capt. Bowering, Sheridan	42
Mrs. Adj. Hart, New Whatcom	42
Sister Eury, New Whatcom	42
Sister Mortimer, Victoria (av. 2 wks)	40
Sergt.-Major Fentic, Great Falls	37
Sister Atkins, Victoria	35
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Sheridan	35
Sister Postburg, Anaconda	25
Capt. Prentice, Great Falls	16

NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 10. — Sales, 393.	
Capt. LeDrew, Brandon	90
Lieut. Clarke, Devil's Lake	60
Lieut. Eason, Edmonton	55
Cadet Adams, Rat Portage	35
Cadet Halsten, Rat Portage	34
Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa	31
Cadet Emberton, Rat Portage	24
Uncle Dan Reece, Neepawa	20
Cand. McRea, Minnedosa	17

CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section.

Hustlers, 3. — Sales, 122.	
Capt. Lott, Owen Sound	70
Capt. Charlton, Parry Sound	30
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	22

F. P.'s joy is full this week. His cup overflowed last week, and now his saucer cannot contain its contents and overfloweth also. May our heroes throughout the whole territory become shaven in his joy, and let us all rejoice together.

As for Southall's magnificent victory we can only say we always had an idea that West Ontario's chief had not disclosed all his hand, but that somewhere he had a trump to play that would one day win the trick. So it has proved. Were F. P.'s arm length enough, it would reach out and pat that victorious back. And it is not, you must take the will for the deed.

Almost there, Hargrave! Four more would have done it. It is only a question of the remaining balact. Out with that and up she goes. Be careful of the moon!

Pugmire must have been fearful of the result of his descent had his parachute failed to act. Luckily it expanded, and at the time of writing he had reached the level of third place. No one as it might have been, nor is it as good, either.

F. P.'s sympathies are with East Ontario and the doughty Bennett as he repelth his pnetured balloon. Of course F. P.'s croakings do not count for much, but methinks there will be some "Hot-sparring" when the position of the East Ontario Province this week is fully realized.

Captain Hellman, of London, tops the list this week with 217 copies, but he is by no means lonely, having for such near neighbors Sister Smith, of London, with 214, and 210 respectively. What has become of that erstwhile 200 copier, Johnson, of Yorkmouth?

Lieutenant Cowan, in the far East, has a rival in the far West. Candidate May Lloyd, of Anaconda, disposes of four more copies than the Lieutenant, but 'twas for one week only, the Lieutenant's total being for three weeks in succession.

A Simple Sum.

From	132
Take	120
Result	12

This is just how the matter stands with Sergeant Duddley and Ensign Walker, of Belleville. That deficit should be easily settled. What do you say to trying the task, oh Ensign?

The Pacific seems to be shaping for a rise. Fifteen is a big improvement, especially after the humble position for some weeks past. The North-West also is on the move. Bravo! Keep a-moving and you'll never be still.

There will be some important developments in connection with our War Cry Hustlers' War in the near future. Keep your eye on these columns.

Are you anxious that your Province should occupy a good place on the list? Are you concerned for the honor of your Provincial leader? Then hustle the Cry and send the result of your hustlings to—

Yours faithfully,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

"Sold Again and Re-sold."

Riverside corps maintains its systematic selling of the War Cry. Sergeant-Major Seeds, of the Trade Department, speaking of the War Cry selling in the Editorial office the other morning, said: "We were over sold at our corps last Sunday. We had to go to the stores and beg them as a favor to return the Cry's they had already purchased, that we might sell them to the outside friends who were anxious to get them."

Staff-Captain Hargrave was violently attacked by the Editor and "Fountain Pen," on entering the War Cry office the other day.

Subject of the contention was the position of the Central Ontario Southern Section in the Competition List. Central Ontario Southern Section was at the top of the list, barring one Province, and it was anticipated by the very sanguine Fountain Pen that with one more big effort Central Ontario Southern Section would have stood at the top, which would have borne comparison alongside some of the bigger Provinces something similar to a school boy outrunning a professional racing man, since the Central Ontario Southern Section has only sixteen corps, whereas such Provinces as the East and East Ontario have fifty-five and forty-four respectively.

The Staff-Captain was, to use a vulgar word, "dabbered" at the charge of the Editorial knight, but he quickly rallied, and without waiting to catch breath, put his fingers through the hair of his head and declared savagely, "If we are not at the top of the list next week, I'll —" We will leave out the latter end of the sentence, it is too fierce for print. But the Editorial knight thought, "That is the way. On this War Cry selling a man wants to get his blood up and have the fixed determined to conquer or die."

Good for Central Ontario Southern Section! Go ahead and win, and leave the big Provinces in the rear.

We shall probably hear from the "Big Provinces" after this. As for the Staff-Captain, he pours contempt on them, and says they will not keep up to the present standard, but he is sure to talk like that—we do not take much notice of it. In our opinion there is going to be a tough fight, but really the little Section is nucky.



Old Joe and New Joe.

"New Joe" may be found amongst the Army conversat at Sumia, Ontario.

The Editor-in-Chief of the Australian papers writes to a Cry man here as follows: "It will give you great pleasure to know we dropped the eight-pager on the 21st of May. Thank God! It has been a discouraging struggle, but the victory has been gained: the soon-to-be-defunct eight-barrel organ split into seven bits was enough to break me heart. I hope we shall now do a thing that is a credit to the concern. Of course we are all jubilant over the business. All hands, bar New Zealand, will be in Melbourne."



FOR THE WAR CRY.

Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed:
Pacfic Province—

SISTER ELLA AIKENS, New
Whitcomb, Wash., U. S. A.
SISTER DR. VERCOE, Mount Ver-
non, Wash., U. S. A., May 28,
1918.

Eastern Province—

ABRAM JESS, Kentville, N. S.,
May 31, 1918.

COMRADE SMITH TUFFTS,
Bridgetown, N. S., May 31, 1918.

MRS. S. RILEY, Annapolis, N. S.,
May 31, 1918.

COMRADE HERBERT WINTERS,
Windsor, N. S., May 31, 1918.

COMRADE ALFRED HUYELL,
Sydney, C. B., May 17, 1918.

COMRADE WILLIAM CARMICHAEL,
Gloucester, C. B., May 17, 1918.

COMRADE WILLIAM FERGUSON,
Sydney Mines, C. B., May 17, 1918.

SISTER MINNIE MCKENZIE,
North Sydney, C. B., May 17, 1918.

SISTER AMANDA DAKIN, North
Head, N. B., June 6, 1918.

BROTHER GEORGE STEWART,
St. Stephen, N. B., June 6, 1918.

SERGEANT-MAJOR F. E. SIERA,
Woodstock, N. B., June 6, 1918.

SISTER EMILY WHITE, Moulton,
N. B., June 6, 1918.

SISTER EDITH BEATTY, Fredericton,
N. B., June 6, 1918.

THE NORTH-WEST

Major McMillan.] [Crys, 3,386.

With the Life Guards' Band in the
North-West

Here we are again at Winnipeg. Just
back from our wonderful tour, of which
you have read in previous reports.

We had the pleasure of sending little
Minnesota a few notes higher. The
devil did some tall kidding, but we
came off more than conquerors in
getting six souls saved in the two
meetings we held.

God bless Neepawa, where we spent
the week-end. Sunday morning a most
glorious time—a time when God drew
near and, according to Captain Kell's
way of thinking, who had just been
attached to the heavenly billows—put
layer after layer of fat on our spiritual
ribs; fat has a great tendency to
killing poison, you know.

The music takes well, especially the
strings. There is Captain Habikri and
his mandoline, Captain Stokes (who
also is the prodigal's father) and guitar,
Captain Kell's piano and fute, Lieut-
enant Glover's banojo, Junior Cadet
McMillan with his big bass viol, almost
as large as himself, and last of all
your humble servant—well, the violin
is an instrument too, and rather a
prominent one.

Finances altogether beyond anticipa-
tion. Now for Uncle Sam, look out for
what you shall see.

Yours for Jesus—H. Krelger, Cadet.
P. S.—Three for salvation and one
for cleaning at Neepawa—H. K.

Mandan, N. D.—Prulse God we are
still pushing on in the fight. Although
the crowd is small we still keep on
fighting in the strength of our King.
Three souls since last report.—Sergeant-
Major Mitchell.

Minot.—Last Friday night a man
who had been a slave to drink volun-
teered out and got saved. He is going
to be a Salvationist. Praise God!—F.
H. Brown, Lieutenant.

Keewatin.—Last week-end one back-
slider young woman came forward.
God heard her prayer and took her
back again. This week-end a young

man who had been a backslider for
four years came out and gave his heart
afresh to the Lord. We are marching
on here in Keewatin, and mean to have
the victory.—Yours in the war, Lieut-
enant Edward Kennir.

Fort William.—Capt. Beaumont and
Lieutenant Myer farwelled last night.
In the farewell meeting one brother
said good-bye to sin, and gave his heart
to God. Many souls are under con-
viction, and we are looking for con-
versions.—S. J. Kennedy.

Rat Portage.—We are having won-
derful times. Good crowds, and sold-
iers all alive. We had another dedica-
tion on Sunday afternoon. Three souls
in the Fountain at night. Hallelujah!
We are believing for greater things.—
Yours in the war, Mrs. Wooster, Reg-
Cor.

Devil's Lake.—Two more souls in the
Fountain. We are looking forward to
the Camp meetings in a couple of
weeks. May we see many souls crying
to God for mercy.—B. Clarke, Lieuten-
ant.

Valley City.—Praise God we are still
fighting. We've had the barracks all
papered and painted. We mean to go
in with God's help to save sinners. On
Monday night a Hindu meeting.
Everybody interested.—Yours in the
war, Mattie Wick, Sergeant.

Winnipeg.—Since last report twelve
souls have been to Jesus and proved
the Blood can cleanse from all sin.
Twelve more have put on the whole
armour of God that they may be able
to fight sin and the devil more success-
fully. Our soldiers' roll has increased
during the Siege by twenty-three. An-
other Cadet entered the Training Gar-
rison last week, and although we now
have the summer devil to fight we
are in for victory, standing in the power
of God.—M. J. Stanbridge.

Prince Albert.—Last week we had
two souls who claimed God's saving
power. Treasurer Wilson farwelled
from us to-night. He is bound to fight
and never give in. Sergeant-Major
claims to have had a lot of devils cast
out of him and he is happy. Capt. Jack-
son and Lieut. McNeven are bound to
have victory. I remain yours fighting
for Jesus.—F. N.

Neepawa.—Staff-Captain Gage, ac-
companied by the Life Guard's Band,
have come and gone with us for Sat-
urday, Sunday and Monday, May 28th,
29th and 30th. Packed house nearly
every meeting. Sunday's meeting im-
pressive. Two came out in the holiness
meeting, one for a clean heart and the
other for salvation. The afternoon
staff-Captain dedicated Mrs. Stewell's
child and gave it to the Lord. At night
a desperate fight with indifference.
No one yielded. Monday night the
"Prodigal Son." At the close one
poor prodigal with a broken heart
sought and found God. God speed the
Life Guard's—Captain and Mrs. Mal-
yon.

Portage la Prairie.—Mrs. Major Jewer
and Cadet Glover with us for the week-
end. Sunday, meetings good all day.
On the 24th we went in for a special
time. Open-air all day and musical
meeting night. Two souls. Praise
God.—Mike, Reg. Cor.

Fargo.—Glory to God! Two more
precious souls got saved. Ensign Smith
was with us for a few days. Some
of our comrades have left for the war.
May the Lord bless and keep them
true, and make them a blessing to their
comrades.—Yours in the war for souls,
Matthew H. Staples, R. C., for Ad-
jutant Thomas.

Larimore, N. D.—God is still with us
and we are on the winning side. One
more for salvation. Sergeant-
Major and Brother Bliss Sundayed
with us.—J. C.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling
to the
OLD COUNTRY.

We would like to draw attention
to the fact that we can secure tickets
for all the Canadian Steamship Lines,
on very favorable terms. For full
particulars apply to Major Satterton,
S. A. Temple, Toronto.

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S. A. Temple, Toronto.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Southern Section.

Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,290.

Temple.—We saw report several good
things as having occurred the past
week. First, a fine soldiers' meeting
with 45 present, all getting well blessed
ready for Summer Campaign. Second,
open-air water attended. Sunday and
week-day. Third, we are being noticed
by the Press as an up-to-date corps.
The World had an account of our
Thursday night meeting led by the two
blondes—Treasurer and Secretary.
Fourth, Sunday's meetings were good
and interesting, with souls convicted.—
F. Zurburgh.

Hamilton II.—Arrived all O. K. Found
our home and all is well. Our first
meeting was small but lots of heads
were stuck up at windows and doors
along the streets. While the way we
looked we could see people
standing and listening. One soul on
Sunday night. Jesus led the way. We
are in for victory. We have God
the glory.—Yours for God and souls, R.
Hanna, Captain, W. Cornish, Lieuten-
ant.

Dundas.—Hallelujah! God is work-
ing in our midst. Beautiful meetings
all day Sunday. In the afternoon we
had a very nice crowd and the joy of
seeing a mother and daughter coming
to Jesus. One soul at night. May God
make them real soldiers of the Cross.—
Captain Sherwin.

WEST ONTARIO

Major Southall.] [Crys, 2,582.

Norwich.—The latest Salvation Army
news is a visit from our District Of-
ficer, Adjutant and Mrs. Myles. God's
body pleased to see them. Good meet-
ings, good crowd, one soul—a man
was never out before. After meet-
ings threw away his pipe and tobacco.
Is going to make a good soldier. Also
we had two happy-looking, blood-and-
water-lavied couple to assist us over
Sunday. They were Ensign Dean and
Lieutenant Blodgett. We had a proper
go in. Crowds good. Collections away
up and best of all, we took the closest
Sunday night's meeting four souls came
to God. Many others convicted.—Yours
in the war, Captain Blakeway.

Morrisburg.—We are not dead here.
Thank God there are a few who have
not defiled their garments. Captain
Comstock and Lieutenant Word have
taken hold as if they meant victory,
and we believe we shall have it. We
are in to fight the devil with both
hands and Jesus shall have all the
glory.—R. C.

Heppeler.—Hallelujah! We are still
on the winning side. Captain Collier,
the G. B. M. agent, with us for a
week-end. On Saturday night we had
a lantern service, entitled, "The Torn
Bible," which was well attended.—W.
H., for Captain Barker.

Tilsonburg.—We had a magnificent
time on Sunday. Christians got quick-
ened, sinners were mightily impressed
about their never-dying souls. One
man came and sought Jesus, rose to
his feet, gave a clear evidence that God
had pardoned his sins. We closed our
meeting feeling satisfied. The Army
here is healthy.—Special Correspond-
ent.

Palmerston.—Since last report quit-
ting a number of changes have taken place.
In the first place our worthy band-
master (Brother Fred Bell) sailed
forth to Kincardine on the morning of
the 24th, but did not return again.
Like all other prosperous young gen-
tlemen, he thought it advisable to take
a holiday. We were, however, able to
make up the loss of the Lang family
who farwelled on Sunday night. The
soling of Maggie and Clara and their
farwell address fairly bristled down
the house. We are sorry to lose such
prosperous and energetic soldiers, but
Palmerston's loss is somebody else's
gain. May the Lord ever bless with
them, is our prayer.—Scott Cowan, R.
C.

TIED OF LIFE, BUT GOT CON-
VERTED AT KNEER-DRILL.

St. Thomas.—We are still fighting.
On Wednesday we had a meeting in
the Methodist Church at Yarmouth
Centre. The children went through
some drills, the band to the front, and
the sisters Jones assisted very much
with their singing. Best of all one
soul came to Jesus at the close. Sun-
day a good day. A few of us met at

7 o'clock to get power for the day's
fight and a poor drunkard heard our
singing and came inside, and before we
closed he came forward and pleaded
for God to have mercy on his poor soul.
He said if it was not for his wife and
children he would take his own life,
for he was tired of this way of living.
He promised to do better. A good
meeting at night. Many convicted but
only one would yield. All War Crys
sold out.—H. Freeman.

Guelph.—Good crowds attended our
meeting in the Park on Sunday. Two
of our ministerial brethren attending
conference gave us a helping hand,
one of them asked for the offering.
God bless them. No visible results to
report.—Jennie Sole.

Clinton.—Wonderful times expected.
Captain Keeler has just taken com-
mand of the corps, and is getting things
in shape for a mighty onslaught
on the devil's ranks this summer. The
Town has come to our help by giving
us a grant of \$25 to help on the band,
which is improving nicely.—Yours to
win, P. A. Copeman, Lieutenant.

St. Thomas.—Good week, with one
soul saved and all our War Crys sold
out. Hallelujah! Soldiers determined
on having victory. Morning, Sergeant
are well attended. Band is doing nicely.
A good turn out on the 24th of May.
We expect to commence our new bar-
acks very soon.—E. Freeman.

Mitchell.—Captain Currie has taken
charge. Good spiritual week-end meet-
ings. God is with us, glory to God.
Yours for victory in Jesus' Name.—
The Goose.

I think the idea of the 16-page Cry is
A. I.—D.B.G.

Ingersoll.—"Through floods and
flames if Jesus leads, I'll follow." I
say—hold on there, comrades, how a-
bout that little bit of a shower that
kept you all away from the prayer
meeting? asked Captain Slote, while
down went many a head, for they were
"not there." Sunday, good marches
and meetings. Holiness meeting like
a shower on a sultry day. Open-air
to bless and cheer sick friends. All in
God's order, from the "big guns," i.e.
Captain, Treasurer Morrey, Sergeant
Major Edmonds, Bandmaster Moore,
etc., right down to "We. Us & Co."
We're all here. Expect open-air bon-
bardment next Sunday and look with
confidence for splendid victory in the
Park—Reg. Cor. M. K. P. S.—Cap-
tain's beans, potatoes and gurn look
fine.—M. K.

CENTRAL ONTARIO

Northern Section.

Staff-Captain Minnie.] [Crys, 2,262.

Parry Sound.—Good meetings all day
yesterday. Visit of Ensign Andrews
a decided success. One backslider re-
turns to the fold. Thank God.—A.
Charlton, Captain.

Sudbury.—Two more souls have
found the Saviour. There are many
more we are praying for. Last Wed-
nesday night we had a song service.
It was enjoyed by all present.—Yours
in the fight, Louie Matthews, Lieuten-
ant.

THE PACIFIC

Brigadier Howell.] [Crys, 3,485.

Roseland.—Our spiritual barometer is
rising since the Siege started. It has
been an average of one soul a week,
but the last week we can report four
souls. "Praise God! Captain Haas has
come to assist at the Roscoe Home in
Spokane, and Captain Barton and
Lieutenant Meyer have charmed.—J. W.
B., for Captain Burton.

Victoria, B. C.—Still marching along
doing our best for the Kingdom. Beau-
tiful open-air meetings. Good crowds.
Victoria corps marched to wharf to see
Klondike Party off. Had a short
prayer meeting. Our beloved Commis-
sioner stepped into our midst in her
Klondike costume, concertina in hand,
leading off with "Yesterday, to-day,
forever, Jesus is the same." Then
prayed with us and went on board the
"Tees." God bless them.—M. L.

Nelson, B. C.—Last Sunday evening
four sought salvation and Friday night,
after a very successful Drunkard's
Demonstration, all men, followed
by a young man and a girl, came for-
ward for pardon. Two converts at 7

a.m. knee-drill within a month. The people are large-hearted, liberal and appreciate the Salvation Army. God bless them.—Beth.

Anacanda.—Victory is ours. Since last report enrolment of eight soldiers. Staff-Captain Turner presented flag to the corps. Brigadier Howell was with us Saturday and Sunday. Splendid meetings. Three souls in the Fountain. To God we give the glory. War Cry all sold.—Yours in the fight, May Lloyd, for Captain Ziebarth.

Great Falls.—Praise God for victory. Hallelujah! Ensign Stelger with us for a week. Good times and open-air also. Adjutant Hay with lantern here one night and Sand Couice one night. Your humble servant has arrived to help the Captain. God is with us. Hallelujah!—Cadet Willett, for Captain.

THE EAST

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,601.

FREDERICTON DISTRICT.

Queen's Birthday Celebrations.
The seventy-ninth birthday of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was duly celebrated here and the citizens treated to a proper Salvation Army bill of fare. This being the District Centre, several of the officers and a few of the soldiers and friends were brought in to assist, also Captains Percy and McIntyre, Lieutenants Hinson and McEhene, of St. John, cheered us with presence. "The Great Hallelujah W." extended by the local corps was most heartily responded to by the visitors. Ensign Pugh very graphically described a big break among the rhymers of Woodstock on the previous night when six of them cried for mercy. His Lieutenant (Mutter) said he was glad to get back to the scene of his Training Home days.

Captain Stelger, of Houlton, the only American corps in the Province, delighted all with a real "Yankee" description of a big revival, great open-air victories, and the very favorable change in public feeling, all of which has taken place during his command of the corps. His Lieutenant (Sparks) also gave every evidence of being up to date and agreeably surprised those who knew him as he left the Training Home a few months before. Captain Fanny Clark, of St. Stephen, was perhaps a little more reserved, but, nevertheless, confident and assured us that they were not without victory at her corps. A few souls' good cases, had been saved. Her Lieutenant (Martin) came out of this corps. Naturally her comrades were proud of her, especially when it came out that she had added to her many other accomplishments that of playing the autoharp.

An officers' and soldiers' council on Tuesday morning passed very quickly, splendid testimonies were given by the visiting and local soldiers. In the afternoon we marched to the City Hall Square, where a temporary platform was erected from which for more than an hour and a half we stormed the torts of darkness. A splendid crowd listened and this effort to proclaim the Gospel in the midst of the God-forgetting, pleasure-seeking multitude was generally recognized and appreciated. The open-air over we retired to the barracks where a banquet was in readiness. Labor and religion united and in action, and it was practically demonstrated by the united labors and testimonies of several comrades.

The officers' council on Wednesday morning was a real refreshing time and helpful to all. "Twelve transformation scenes, and burning of idols," was the evening attraction. Officers dressed to represent different sinful characters, such as dukes, drunkards, gamblers, tobacco-slaves, novel readers, etc., were seated in a row on the platform. What contrasts, showing plainly what clothes and habits will make. While giving their several experiences as to how God saved them and changed them into salvationists, they discarded themselves of their sinful garb and donned the Army uniform. These performances, of course, caused some little amusement, especially when one man complained of his big nose as being his greatest difficulty in getting into his guernsey. But, really, when they were all through and shouted together as properly uniformed Salvationists, what a change for the better—a glorious transformation. The actual burning of some of the idols served as a finish to this most interesting meeting.

At the council, Thursday morning, each officer gave a short address on separate subjects. "How to sell the Cry," by that noted boomer, McIntyre. "Keep out of the traps," by J. W. Clarke. "How to fish for souls," by Lieutenant McEhene, etc., were splendid, but it was unanimously agreed that Lieutenant Sparks outdid us all in his speech on "How to get victory and keep it."

After a little recreation and lunch at the "Tearmire," we rallied for the closing battle of the four days' campaign. A nice programme of music and song interspersed with farewell words from the visiting officers and a deeply-interesting and spiritual meeting was over. Although many were convicted and some sinners in tears no one would yield. Captain McIntyre and Lieutenant McEhene remained over for the Friday. After doing some practical visiting and Cry selling they led the holiness meeting. Out of the eighty present two came forward, thus ending a series of meetings which only for the small indoor attendance and few souls saved, could have been reckoned a grand success. Love to all.—Yours and His, D. L. Creighton, Adjutant.

Gloucester.—We are still on the winning side. Some wanderers have lately returned which caused us to rejoice. Our soldiers are sticking to their guns, fully determined not to give in.—Yours fighting, L. Penny, Ensign, J. Hebb, Lieutenant.

Halifax L.—On Thursday night Adjutant Alkenhead enrolled six recruits as soldiers, and on Sunday dedicated the children of Brother and Sister Edcom, of this corps. One soul at night. The Lord is blessing us and giving us victory. Our hearts go out in sympathy for Brother and Sister Swin, of this corps, who lost their youngest child by death. May the Lord comfort their hearts and help them in their bereavement.—Treasurer Casbin.

Annapolis, N. S.—The past week one

young man came out and gave himself to God. On the 24th we had a most successful meeting. About 400 people met at the barracks to see two soldiers made one. The Baptist Pastor was present to tie the knot, and spoke encouragingly of our work inviting all present to prepare for the marriage supper of the Lamb. The bride has been a most consistent Salvationist for twelve years. The groom was looking happy, and among the number that took tea with the bride were Pastor White and wife. Captain Traflet and Lieutenant Laws are full of faith and mean by God's help to have victory.—M. R. Rose, Cor.

Windsor, N. S.—Major Collier with us for a week-end. Sunday, God's presence with us all day. Afternoon, one soul for God.—W. H. R. C.

Westville, N. S.—We are still fighting on. Sunday Mrs. Ensign Fraser and little Willie with us, also Brother Drumart. Meetings real times of blessing and power. Deep conviction, but none would yield. We are believing for victory.—M. L. S., for Captain McLeen.

EAST ONTARIO

Brigadier Bennett.] [Crys, 5,662.

Deseronto.—Since last report we have had the joy of seeing another soul come to Jesus. Praise God for ever! God's Spirit is still at work in many hearts. I believe we shall win for we fight in the strength of our King.—Lieutenant Dora, for Captain Marshall.

Campbellford.—Had a visit from Victoria's commander for Sunday. Good time. Their music was charming. Splendid crowds. Finances up and best of all two in the Fountain. They are coming again soon.—A. E. W. Coate and wife, Captains.

OUR FIGHTERS ON THE FIELD.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLIAMS, WILLIE AND ETHEL.

All Four are Engaged in Hustling Forward the Salvation War at Fennell Falls.

SAVED CHARACTERS SEEN BY SCOTIA.

Captain Williams is a robust, brave, energetic officer. You feel when you see the man that he has his hands on something. A stonecrafter by trade, he seems to be born to pull down, and still more successful in building up. He meets his Goliath of difficulty with the sling and stone of his experience, self-confidence and strength of character. This is noticeable in the man. But he does not forget to keep before him the fact that it is in the name of the Lord God of Hosts that he brings the giants down. He has a knack of forcing everything to a point of decision. Whether it be difficulty with the corps, or an individual soul, decision seems to show out in all his actions, there being nothing quibbling or supercilious. Works for eternity. Rock bottom is his foundation. He could not be bought to build on sand.

Mrs. Williams is with him in sacrifice and devotion. Whatever is wanting in him is made up in her. She is his helpmeet, and helps up his hands where perhaps no one else could. In brief, it can be said of Captain Williams that he never retreats before difficulties, but makes difficulties retreat before him, and where sin and half-heartedness stalk, he is a sharp throbbing instrument having teeth.

Millbrook.—We are glad to report victory once more. Ensign Sims with us for two nights. His visit proved a great blessing both financially and spiritually. We are doing something to sweep away the debt devil. Sunday closed with one precious soul seeking salvation. Praise God!—Yours, Captain Magee.

Napanee.—Good week-end. One soul came to Jesus. We give God all the glory and go on.—Lieutenant McFarlane, for Captain Michiel.

Peterboro.—Ensign Sims with us. Saturday night was very interesting meeting. The Ensign had his talking machine. The people enjoyed it very much. All day Sunday, God came very near and poured His blessing down upon us. We are sure to conquer, for we fight in the strength of the King.—Yours happy, Sergeant May Lang.

St. Johnsbury, Vt.—Last week we had with us for three days Captain McNancy, of Newport. On the first night of her visit one soul claimed pardon. The Captain's singing and playing were a great attraction, both in the open-air and indoor meetings. Although only two have been saved, they are taking a bold stand for God in open-air and indoor meetings. By the help of God and the kindness of the people we have been able to clear off \$20 debt, as well as keep up the other expenses and get some things for the new quarters. A few Christian friends have taken a deep interest in the meetings and in fact have been a great help to us. May God abundantly bless them.—Yours fighting for God, Anetia McCall, Captain.

Tweed.—We have had a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Bennett. A good crowd turned out to welcome the Brigadier. The Juniors being in full evidence, arrayed in their white robes. We have also welcomed into our midst Lieutenant Butler, who has come to help us in the fight.—G. H. Nyland, Captain.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert St., Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry on the envelope.

(First Insertion.)

3060. MCMILLAN, ROLAND. When last heard of his address was Denholm, Ottawa Co., P. Q. Any persons who can give his present address, kindly write to Commissioner Eva Booth.

3061. BROWN, THOMAS. Last heard from was in Toronto. His sister is very anxious to have news of him. She has not heard of him since Christmas.

3062. BARBER, WILLIAM. He is 28 years of age, about, tall dark. Left England in 1882. Last known to be in Ontario in 1883. Where is he now?

3063. KENNEDY, DAVID. Age 50 years. Went from County Derry, Ireland, 32 years ago. Last heard of was in Toronto. His sister, Miss Kennedy, is anxious to know if he is still living.

3064. TAYLOR, JOHN HENRIE. Will he, or any person acquainted with his present address, please inform us.

(Second Insertion.)

3066. THOMPSON, MRS. HARRIET F. Formerly of Kent, England. Supposed to be in California. Her brother Jesse Butts has not seen or heard from her for 42 years. He is living at present in British Columbia.

3065. PRATT, MR. and MRS. JOSEPH. Address when last heard from was 27 or 37 George St., Camberwell, London, England. Their daughter Annie and her sister are the anxious enquirers. British Cry please copy.

3067. ALLEN, JAMES J. Wife enquired for is anxious to obtain news. She has not heard of him since April, 1889. Was then at Montreal. Communicate with Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

3068. KEEB, MARY and ALICE. About one year since Mary was in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Both are supposed to be in Toronto at the present time. Their mother is now lying very ill in a hospital. Please drop us a card at once.

Times—M. turn Y. Round

1 O bound of O fulfil

The whole fr and s Now flow over

My ship at so de And bitter weep But useless Crime's water roll o

O Ocean stood On her giving Once more a clean I will not

The tide is the w I hear the Save faith's My roll I plunge over

2 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

I'm We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

3 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

4 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

5 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

6 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

7 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

8 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

9 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

10 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

11 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

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17 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

18 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

19 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

20 We're We're Enlited Of yellow We pray Forever

Hillbrook.—We are glad to report very once more. Ensign Sims with only two nights. His visit proved a blessing both financially and actually. We are doing something to sweep away the debt devil, Sunday school and with one precious soul seeking salvation. Praise God!—Yours, Capt. Magee.

Spanance.—Good week-end. One soul came to Jesus. We give God all the glory and go on.—Lieutenant McFarlane for Captain Michel.

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—We have had a visit from Provincial Officer, Brigadier Henderson. A good crowd turned out to come to the Brigadier, the Juniors being in full evidence, arrayed in their robes. We have also welcomed our midist Lieutenant Butler, who came to help us in the fight.—G. H. and, Captain.

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67. ALLEN, JAMES J. Wife and children and is anxious to obtain news. Has not heard of him since April, 1882. Was then at Montreal, Canada. His mother is now lying in a hospital. Please drop us a line at once.

68. KIBEN, MARY and ALICE. Address when last heard from was in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Both are supposed to be in Toronto at the present time. Their mother is now lying in a hospital. Please drop us a line at once.

SONGS

Boundless Salvation.

Tunes.—My Jesus, I love Thee: Oh, turn ye (B.B. 19; B.J. 88, 2); Boundless salvation (B.J. 323, 3).

1 O boundless salvation! deep ocean of love!
O fullness of mercy Christ brought from above,
The whole world redeeming, so rich and so free,
Now flowing for all men, come roll over me.

My sins are so many, their stains are so deep,
And bitter the tears of remorse that I weep;
But unless is weeping, Thou great Crimson Sea,
Thy waters can cleanse me; come, roll over me.

O Ocean of Mercy, oft longing I've stood
On the brink of Thy wonderful life-giving flood;
Once more I have reached this soul-cleansing sea,
I will not go back till it rolls over me.

The tide is now flowing, I'm kneeling the wave,
I hear the loud call of the "Mighty to Save."
My faith's growing bolder—divined I'll be—
I plunge 'neath the waters—they roll over me.

I'm Glad I'm in the Army.

2 We're Hood-and-Fire soldiers,
We're fighting for our King,
And in the strength of Jesus,
We know that we shall win.
Enlisted 'neath the banner,
Of yellow, red and blue,
We pray that God will keep us
Forever brave and true.

Chorus.

I'm glad I am a soldier.

We're glad we're in this Army,
We're glad we're in the fight,
We're marching on to victory,
All happy, saved and right.
We stand upon the corner
And warn the sinner there,
To seek God's love and mercy,
And for death to prepare.
Sergeant May Lang, Peterboro.

A Rousing Free-and-Easy Solo—The Flag with the Flory Star.

Tune.—B.J. 72.

3 We're soldiers of Jehovah,
And live to serve the King,
And offer full salvation
To all who give us sin;
And up and down the universe
The shout goes near and far;
"Oh, lift on high the Red-and-Blue Flag
That bears the Flory Star!"

Chorus.

With Blood and Fire!
All under one Flag we are,
Amen for the Red-and-Blue Flag
That bears the Flory Star!

The precious blood of Jesus,
That cleanses us from sin,
Is set forth by the field of Red,
The border blue within;
That border tells of holiness,
Essential for this war,
To lift on high the Red-and-Blue Flag
That bears the Flory Star!

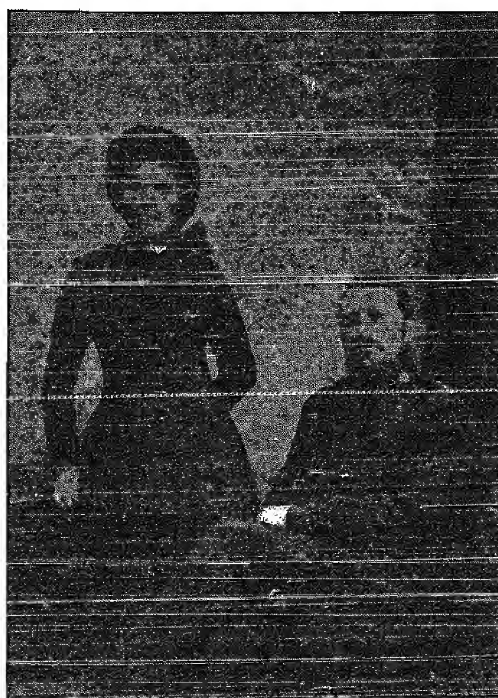
The Star of Fire in centre
Shines out with rays of flame
Reminds us of the Holy Ghost,
And how His power came;
To get the Fire from heaven
We all determined are,
To lift on high the Red-and-Blue Flag
That bears the Flory Star!

The Sinner's Only Hope.

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 72, 3); St. Peter's (B.J. 123, 5); In golden hours (B.J. 114, 3); Grimsby (B.J. 22, 1); We'll fight until (B.J. 56, 2); The voice of Jesus (B.J. 41, 1).

4 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before Him fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;



MAJOR AND MRS. BAUGH.

Formerly of Canada, now engaged as Spiritual Specialists in Britain.

He scatters all their guilty fears,
He turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls He speaks,
And life into the dead.

Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

God's Invitation to the Sinners.

Tune.—Never can tell (B.J. 13).

5 Listen to the invitation,
"Come, ye weary, come to Me!"
Come, and you shall find salvation,
Come, just now to Jesus flee.

Chorus.

You never can tell when the Lord will call you,
You never can tell when your end will be;
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing Fountain,
Come and get saved, and happy be.

Jesus loves you, do not tarry,
Hasten to His side to-day,
And by faith on Him rely,
All your guilt will roll away.

Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him,
For, when you are called to die,
You will want a loving Saviour,
And for hope and mercy cry.

Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Offered now so full and free!
Ere you pass away forever
Reconciled to Jesus be.

[Our Short Story.]

THE BURGLAR AND DETECTIVE.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

THERE are men who speak the truth when drunk more readily than when sober.

It was a case of that sort we had one night at Regents Hall. A well-dressed young man came forward, and as soon as I asked him what he had come out to the penitentiary for, he began to cry out, "OH, MY GOD, I AM A BURGLAR, SAVE ME!"

Thus he shouted for some time.

"Not long before we had had a detective saved, so I thought it would be a good bit of work for him, to point the burglar to the Saviour, as they both were bad till saved, and the detective knew more about burglars than I did.

So he knelt by the burglar's side, but all he could get from the drunken man was, "OH, MY GOD, I'M A BURGLAR." But the detective was convinced the story was true.

He said to me, "Leave him in my hands, and I'll do my best to get him to Jesus."

We got the man's address and next morning in good time the detective went to his house.

In answer to his knock a poor, little, pale, nervous woman answered the door.

The detective asked if Mr. S. — lived there. She said, "Yes, but he is not yet."

"Well," said the detective, "I will wait till he gets up, and walked into the house. The wife (for such she was) who had let him in) called her husband up, and soon he walked in feeling and looking very seedy, after his drinking the day before.

The detective said, "Good-morning, do you know who I am?"

"Well," said the other, "I fancy you are a detective from Scotland yard."

"Yes, quite right. Do you know where you were last night?"

"No," said the burglar, rather shyly, "but I suppose I soon shall know."

"Yes," said the detective, "you were at the Salvation Army."

"Is that all?" said the burglar.

"No, that's not all, you were at the penitentiary form."

"Is that all?" he asked again.

"No, that's not all, you said you were a burglar. That was another thing altogether, but," said the detective, "I am saved, and I have not come to take you to the court, but to try and lead you to the Fountain for Sin. Are you willing to give up your old life and do right?"

"No, that's not all, you were at the penitentiary form."

"Is that all?" he asked again.

"No, that's not all, you said you were a burglar. That was another thing altogether, but," said the detective, "I am saved, and I have not come to take you to the court, but to try and lead you to the Fountain for Sin. Are you willing to give up your old life and do right?"

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HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

The New Revelation.

Matt. xvi, 28-29.

ALL that happened previous to this time in the life of Jesus was intended to prepare his disciples for the full revelation of His mission. They had indulged in imaginations, united with the deepest colors, of a restored political power, with Jesus seated on King upon the restored throne at Jerusalem. The Roman eagle they despised. The pride of the nation was wounded by the evidences everywhere apparent of being subject to Caesar. The disciples felt that the time had come when the spell of Roman power would be broken. They had not yet learned that the Kingdom of Christ was founding was not of this world, and instead of being meat and drink, would be righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost.

The Ministry of Sorrow.

The ministry of Jesus had its marked features, and the lesson before us marks the inception of that pathetic season—the ministry of sorrow. Now that the disciples had some little insight into the spiritual side of His mission, and they had shown in their confession of Him some eagerness for further revelation, Jesus calls them to Him and shows them "how that He must go to Jerusalem and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."

Peter's Interruption Rebuked.

Could anything sound more disappointing—could any sorrow prove graver to those light-hearted disciples than this awful statement. Divine, all-composing love had conquered their hearts, and the affection of their strong natures was centred in Him who now spoke of that tremendous event by which He should be ruthlessly parted from them. The crushing nature of Peter's sin no longer restrained itself, and, taking his Master to one side, he begins to remonstrate with Him and to assure Him that such cannot be the case. "Thou hast come to erect a Kingdom, not to suffer as a felon."

Peter would undertake to correct his Lord. Jesus saw the motive that prompted Peter's action, and seeing His disciple only viewed things from a natural standpoint, and that his thoughts were more on temporal than spiritual things, Jesus ministers a strong rebuff. "Get thee behind Me, Satan," for thou savorest not the things that are of God, but those that are of men. The world Satan is not to be considered as being the devil. The true rendering of the word is "adversary." Thus in taking the attitude he did Peter was opposing Jesus in the fulfilment of His mission. How many people are like Peter, who, if they do not comprehend the purposes of those placed over them in the Lord, think it a part of their duty to advise, or criticize, or oppose certain measures. This spirit of frankness has been the worst of a long time, and seems destined to remain. It has a special facility of cropping up at important and critical periods, such as Harvest Festival, or Self-Denial Week, and particularly at those times when a little self-interest is involved, and the corps is required to do its part to help extend the Kingdom of God. Oh, these Peters! What will help them? That which made a whole-hearted Salvationist out of the Peter we write of—a day of Pentecost.

Take Up the Cross.

The rebuke given to Peter offered a fine opportunity for Jesus to declare on what principles His Kingdom should be built—merit for the good of others. So, if they and others would follow Him they must deny themselves and take up their cross and follow Him. Those who choose this life and the fleeting pleasures that belong to it and live only for themselves will get their reward here, but will have nothing in the life to come, and thus will lose that of the utmost importance—life in the world to come. While there who have denied themselves and live for the good of others will find a glorious life, fraught with rich reward at the right hand of God.

Profit and Loss.

To emphasize the point, He presents that most momentous question—and which has remained an open one up to the present moment—"What shall it profit a man, etc.? Suppose he finds more than he could have imagined in oil that the world can give, and yet have no treasure in heaven, what a frightful delusion would there be on his life's balance sheet on that great day when heaven's accounts will be squared up?

Some standing there should be witnesses of the truth of His death and resurrection and in His resurrection should see that Kingdom established which was destined to have dominion over all other kingdoms in all ages.

MEMORY TEXT.

"He shall reward every man according to his works."

At the last it (strong drink) biteth like a serpent.....

THE LAST SONATA.

(A true incident)

F. L. H. SIMS, TEMPLE CORPS, TORONTO.

STAGGERING on up the dreary street,
Where is he going, that wreck of a
man?
Now in the gutter, and now to the wall,
Covered with mud from a drunken fall,
Staggering on thro' the driving sleet!
Where is he going? Ah! Who can say
Till the books shall speak in the Judgment
Day—
Till the angels shall bring those nightystomes
And read out the record of blasted homes,
Saddle each sinner
With its work of ill;
Tally the spoils of
Of those snakey coils—

Tell how the fires glowed, lurid and red, as the
work of the demons merrily sped;
While the bruised mother, with aching head
and hursting heart heard her children cry
For just a crust, one crust of bread, as the
weary hours dragged slowly by,
No fire—for the fiend has stolen the coal
To feed the flame of his greedy still,
No clothes, no food—for body or soul—
Gone, gone,—its hungry maw to fill:
The angry gale
Drowns the infant wail,
And an echo comes on its frozen wings
Of the song of death, that the Sultide sings
When light is gone,
And the heart a stone,
And hope is lost in the great Unknown!

Who is that? Guesome and pale and chill,
standing there at the window-sill?
Standing there
With that icy stare!
Why are the mother and babe so still?
But the fire,—the flames, in that murky den
Where the fiends forge chains for the souls
Their sullen roar [of men,
Will it never give o'er,
If mother and babe should wake no more?

Nay, the glowering red of each copper snake
Doth ever a changing semblance take,
Coiling up thro' the mists of their foetid breath
That ever distils in the sweat of death,
Grow they more fierce, and cruel, and strong,
Whistling and hissing with fiery tongue,
Till they seem as the twain
That parted the main
From Tenebris, noted in olden song;
Whose dreadful coils caught sons and sire
In the hopeless grasp of a horrid fate,
Rending their flesh with their fangs of fire,
Crushing their bones with a devilish hate,
Bursting their hearts with their sinewy weight,
Leaving them mangled beyond the ken
Of those they had known when they walked as
men!

Where is he going? he hardly knows:
With his empty stomach and ragged clothes
He slouches on till the cheerfull light
That shines thro' the Mission's windows bright,
Catches his eye, and he leaves the storm
For a seat in the corner, snug and warm.
Better days—as some would say I—
That tumble-down building has known in
its time;
Once 'twas church (of stone and lime
blase with hands, and hence its decay!)
After its fall of fawn and show
Under the tap of the auctioneer [queer,
It goes, with its trappings so quaint and
And thus it came that the Mission was blessed
With the old pipe-organ, thrown in with
rest!

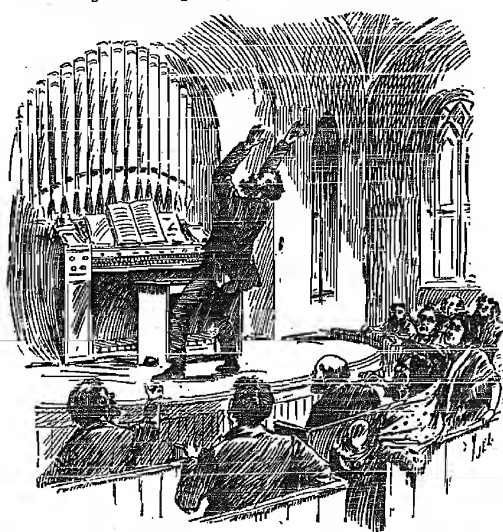
The crowd in the pews that winter night
Would have put old Comus and evel to
shame?
Wretched and withered and blind and lame,
Heart of love! 'twas a sudden sight!
Bodies all tortured and warped by sin,
Misery, vermin, and rags and dirt,
A tale wrung up in a worn-out sight,
All brought in for the warmth and light
Of the ache of the winter night.
Many a heart in that motley throng
Sorrow tonight with the missioner,
Weeping the loss of Cecilia fair
Joining above in the angels' song.
"Friends, is there any will take her place?"
The father asks in a trembling tone
While the young folks sigh, and the old
folks groan:
His loss is theirs, for her music sweet

• LACORD and his Sons.

Was the one bright spot, in that sin-cursed
street.

Why does he rise, with those piercing eyes,
The "drunk" that we left in the corner there?
Running his hands through his long grey hair?
What is that passion that rends his breast
Working his face, like a fiend, possessed?
If he mad? has the drink demon-crazed his
brain?
"Wait friends—See, now he is calm again."
And the mission-leader and people gaze
As slowly he walks past the faded haze
That serves as a screen to the organ-loft,
Speaking first to the father, in whisper soft,—
"You may trust me, sir,—will you let me play?"
"Oh, I must once more e'er I pass away!"

Steady: he's seated,—some steps are drawn,
Long bony fingers caress the keys,
Then like the sigh of the evening breeze,



"FOUR OLD DRUNK!" "TWAS SUDDEEN, TOO."

Murmuring, whispering, far away,
Crooning the close of a summer day,
'Neath the wizard touch of a genius bold
Rich melody floats from the organ old.
Silent the listeners and eager all,
Courses the blood with a warmer glow,
Louder and bolder the measures flow,
Lengthy years crumble, and totter and fall
At the elfin call
That is sounding clear
Now there,—Now there,
Now here,—Now here,
From some wonder-horn in the rosy dawn,
Fan-tasy! Fan-tasy!
Waked by the echoes of *Chick-Tock*,
Smiling the friends of our childhood we see,
As of yore,
Young once more,
Yearning in hope over bright days in store.

Now the streaming song is telling of a youth
with promise bright,
Of a tender mother's teaching to guard honor
and the right,
Of a heritage of genius that may soar to the
loftiest height,
Of a happy boyhood's prime;
Now he's stepping o'er the threshold into man-
hood's golden realm,
Will he choose a trusty pilot, put discretion
at the helm?
For life's dangers—soon will threaten, and fierce
storms may overwhelm,
E'er he cross the sea of time!

Firm at first, he's steering wisely, mark the
rhythm's steady beat,

He is winning fame and fortune by his art
of music sweet.

Run by rung he mounts ladder, with ambi-
tion's tireless feet,
Till the goal is almost won;
Fashion woe him to her salons; 'mid the
dancing and the glare
He forgets that mother's warnings, he forgets
that mother's prayer,
Rosy lips pronounce the challenge, "Drink
it, drink it, if you dare!"
And the deed of hell is done!

Hark! 'tis creeping, curling, crawling, creep-
ing upward from below,
Where the groaning bass is struggling like a soul
in mortal woe;
Kill it! choke it, stamp its life out, e'er it
strike its venom blow!
Bravely done, 'tis surely slain!
And the glorious song continues, bright suc-
cess is coming fast,
But again the light is fading, and the sky is
overcast.

Hark! the pealing of the thunder, hear the
raging of the blast,
See the flashing lightning's chain!
Will the gallant craft go under? will that
slimy serpent thing
That again is creeping upward, choke the song
of youth and spring?
Aye, 'twill never lose its victim, till it strike
its deadly sting!
Deep within his broken heart,
List, 'tis hissing through the music like the
serpent's cruel brand,
Friends, and home, and name, have perished,
he is lacking daily food,
He's an outcast and a wanderer, by that very
set eschewed
Who first sped the fiery dart.

After he's scared him and chained him tight:
"Clink, clink,"

"Only think
"The bread that those blood-stained coins
had bought,
"If father had spent them as he ought!
"Clink, clink,—
"Oh! 'tis music rare!"

"Help! take it from him, that cash-box there!
"Tis the coffin of poor little Golden-Hair!
"Let go! I will tear him limb from limb,
"That trembling devil! I will, I swear!"
So it goes, so it goes,
Till the heart is sick, and the senses swim.

(And mothers and children are buried along,
Battered and bruised by this drink-cursed
throne.)

What is wife or child
In a dance so wild?
Great Judge and Avenger, how long? how
long?

Hush! I tread softly, see—there she lies,
White and still, on that bundle of straw;
Soon she will hunger and thirst no more,
Nor haunt the room with her famished eyes.

Poor little Toddler,—Poor Golden-Hair!
These faded violets she tried to sell
Match with her wasted form so well,
Clasp them—so—in her hand so fair.

One last kiss on her forehead white
Crowned by those ringlets, whose golden
flow
Covers the mark of that drunken blow
from all, but the record-angel's sight.

"Tell Papa—I'm going to Mamma—and
Roy,
"Jesus won't let me get—lost,—I know;
"Kiss me for Papa,—before I go—
"Mamma! and baby,—O joy, O joy!"

Mother and Baby and Golden-Hair,
Passed through the fire to that Mischief gate!
What shall you say, when you meet with
HIM,
You who have helped to place them there?

Flash! See the light! Did the Sword of Ven-
geance smite?
Hark! the thunders of the dreadful Judg-
ment roll!

Now the mighty Trump is calling, and the
river rocks are falling,
Is there refuge for that sin-cursed soul?

The old mother-love is blending like a memory
of the past,
With the flashing of the lightning, and the
howling of the blast,
And the feet of little Golden-Hair
Seem to patter through the music, like a gentle
angel's tread,
And to soothe the tumult there.

But the curling, crawling, creeping, curses
serpents, hissing still,
Seize the mother-love and child-heart, work-
ing out their hellish will,
And the little gleam of hope is sped,
And the spirit-imp keeps wreathing round
that soul their fiendish spell,
While the Judgment lowers o'erhead.

Clash! What a chord! 'Twas the falling of
the Sword!
Near him gently to his resting-place away;
"Poor old drunk!"—"Twas sudden, too,"
God will deal with him, and you
Who aid the fiend that made his soul a prey!

TO SPRAK WELL IS TO SOUND
LIKE A CYMBAL BUT TO DO
WELL IS TO ACT LIKE AN ANGEL.

IF YOU WANT TO REACH THE
POST OF HONOR HEREAFTER,
STICK TO THE POST OF DUTY
HERE.

IT'S A FOOR WAY TO LET YOUR
LIGHT SHINE WHEN YOU OC-
CUPY TWO SEATS OF A CROWDED
FEW.

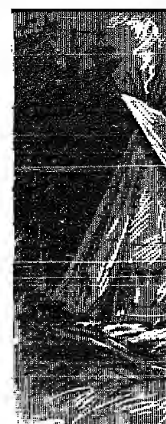
IF YOU NEGLECT PRAYER FOR
WORK, YOU WILL SOON FAIL IN
YOUR WORK FOR WANT OF
PRAYER.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
the Salvation Army, published by
John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing
House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

and stingeth like an adder.

Prov. xxiii. 32.

Vol. IV. No. 2.



From
The Field

A Distinctly Unique Jour-
nal for Warriors and In-

CHAPTER I

"When time you steal our year,
Shall stand our pleasures long,
Then memory of the past will
And ball our joys renew."

ROWDIED with
of events, many
adventures, an
experiences, an
nature of the F
sloner has been
the beginning,
office from our memory
with the Klondike Party an
Commissioner at Skagway,
are quaint hats and "shu-
styles, built of logs with th
or of rough lumber. "Am
dry," reads the bright co
on a little structure abo
ten feet, while through th
beats of piled up under
buildings are plentifully ex
summer which would supe
saint Junior had cleared f
playroom in the forest, an
houses standing anywhere
trees. To the left the low
tains hide Dyer and the C
from our view, to the right
heights border the dellies
Dyer, and between them
Trail leads in a fairly stra
the whiffs to the Pass. Y
finished our supper—if that
title for a meal at half-pa
and sitting on a fallen tr
roaring camp-fire, I am deli
with the picturesque and ro
The wonderful diffused lig
adept summer night, the
nature with a magical glo
stars are too dim to mak
observable with the eye,
and Saturn, who with m
down upon us, as if as mi
as we, although it has new
silly have been a new sight

The mountain stream m
spins through the st
broken by the incessant wa
birds throughout the night,
occasional braying of a donk
for thistles, or the barking
dog. At any moment durin
able to tell the time is
without difficulty, and one